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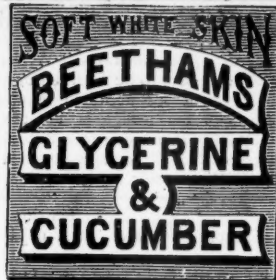
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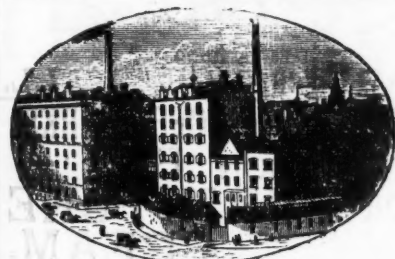
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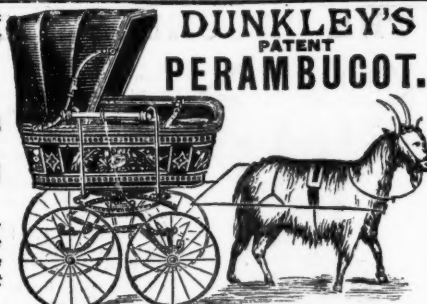
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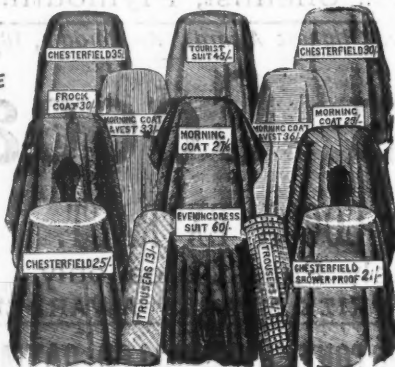
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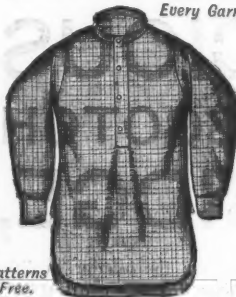
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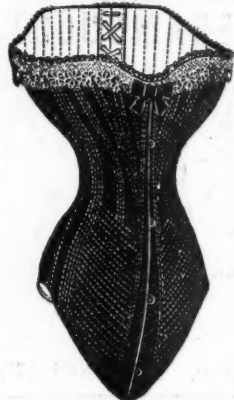
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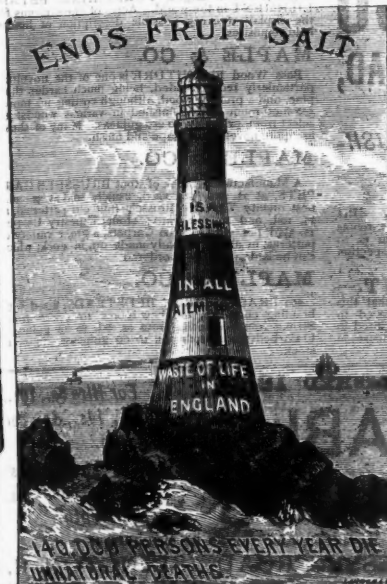
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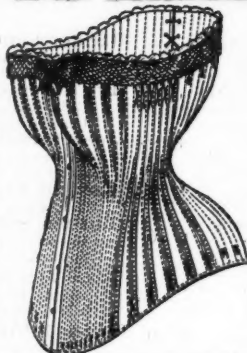
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To Face Back of Plate.

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CHILD PICTURES BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MISS BOWLES.

COLLINA (LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK).

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

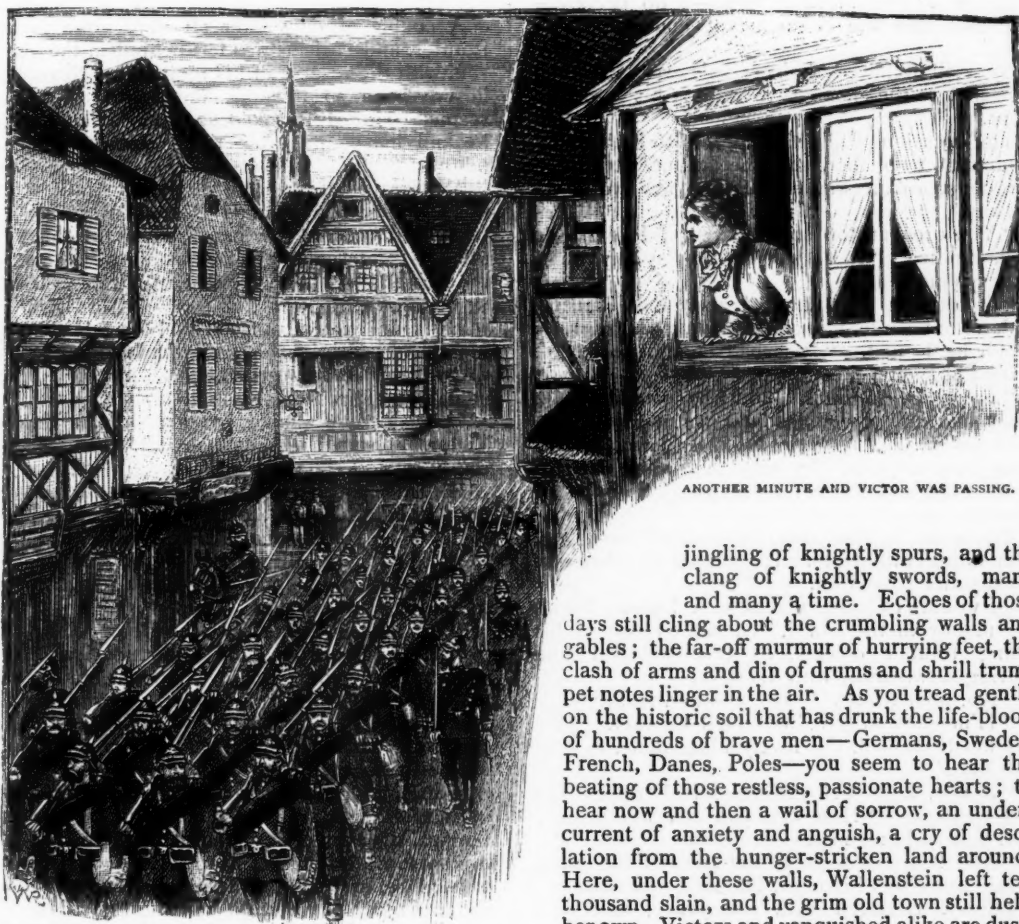
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## NOBLY DOOMED.

Though those that are betrayed  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

—*Cymbeline*



ANOTHER MINUTE AND VICTOR WAS PASSING.

WAR with France had been declared and every German heart was burning with patriotic indignation at the threatened invasion of the Fatherland. From the utmost bounds of Germany regiments were on the march towards the Rhine. Stralsund, like the rest, had sent forth her soldiers, and the quiet old town seemed more silent than ever after the constant rattle of drums and braying of trumpets that had been heard in the last days, the tramp of marching feet, the patriotic hymns and deep hurrahs that had echoed and re-echoed under her time-worn walls: the very walls under which Gustavus Adolphus passed with his Swedes two hundred and fifty years ago. Those quaint, stiff gables with their rows of tiny window-holes have resounded to the tramp and clatter of armed feet, the ring of eager voices, the

jingling of knightly spurs, and the clang of knightly swords, many and many a time. Echoes of those days still cling about the crumbling walls and gables; the far-off murmur of hurrying feet, the clash of arms and din of drums and shrill trumpet notes linger in the air. As you tread gently on the historic soil that has drunk the life-blood of hundreds of brave men—Germans, Swedes, French, Danes, Poles—you seem to hear the beating of those restless, passionate hearts; to hear now and then a wail of sorrow, an undercurrent of anxiety and anguish, a cry of desolation from the hunger-stricken land around. Here, under these walls, Wallenstein left ten thousand slain, and the grim old town still held her own. Victors and vanquished alike are dust,

and still the ancient walls look down on eager fighting men, on the struggle for life, for love, for glory, for gold, that they witnessed then.

Before the troops left Stralsund for the Rhine there was a grand muster and review. Half the townsfolk collected and thronged the outskirts of the Alter Markt to see the sight and hear the music, streaming in twos and threes on to the square from under the Rathhaus, and gathering eager and excited from every street in the neighbourhood. Under the Rathhaus arcade stood the cavalry band with their great brass instruments, their spiked helmets gleaming in the July sun. From time to time a captain rode on to the Place from a side street and joined a group of officers standing near the *Commandantur*, turning occasionally a careful eye from the tablets in their hands to the lines of men

forming in the middle of the square. Somewhat detached from their elders were a knot of youthful lieutenants, laughing and chatting together, shifting from one manly and bewitching attitude to another, twirling their blonde moustaches, and saluting their superiors with consummate grace.

"There's the commandant!" said one of them, as there was a general movement, and a little officer in a dark-blue uniform faced with yellow rode on to the Markt; "and—I do declare—Parisius! and the commandant condoling with him."

They all followed the speaker's eyes, and each appealed to the elements to witness his astonishment.

The occasion of all this appeared to be a young lieutenant, who stood at some distance, to whom the commandant was speaking a few words in passing.

"You are out too soon, Parisius, I fear," he said, kindly. "It doesn't do to play any tricks after typhus."

"I couldn't keep away," answered Parisius, with a faint smile, nervously shifting the stick on which he leaned. "It is bad enough to be left behind at such a time."

"So it is, so it is," said the commandant; "but take care of yourself and you may be in the thick of it yet. A few weeks and who knows what may happen, but with that white face of yours what could we do but put you into the Ersatz-bataillon?"

The eyes of the young lieutenant were very near filling with tears. He saluted in silence as his superior passed on.

"I wouldn't change places with Parisius for all the money in the world," exclaimed one of his young brother officers, as they watched him moving slowly away with his stick.

"No, poor wretch!" said another, feelingly.

"H'm—not so sure," observed another. "He has his betrothed, the lovely Magdalene, to console him."

"Really, Lobeck!" exclaimed Haltermann, the first speaker. "How can you call her lovely? Red hair and green eyes—"

"And heaps of money," interrupted the other, whose name was Livonius, laughing sarcastically.

Lobeck coloured with annoyance, and said nothing.

"Well," said Haltermann, "he has paid for his chickens before they are hatched. The old Frau von Waldmeister has been dying these six weeks and more, but she is not dead yet. Suppose she were to leave Magda van der Heyden nothing at all! What a situation!"

Livonius laughed again. "I bet you anything you like, Parisius breaks it off if she does," he said.

"Ach, der Schlingel! I am of your opinion," laughed Haltermann. "Lobeck will take your wager perhaps?"

"Lobeck is dying to run us both through the body," said Livonius. "Why, I shouldn't blame Parisius if he did, you know, Lobeck," he added, in a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, you wouldn't," exclaimed Lobeck, rather

scornfully. "Then your opinions are not worth the breath you spend in uttering them."

"Come, then, I'm sure they're not worth quarrelling about," interposed Haltermann, good-naturedly.

"Ei, bewahre! I'm not going to quarrel," answered Lobeck, with a shrug, and they crossed the Markt, saluting right and left as they went, and joined some officers at the other side.

A couple of days later all were gone to the frontier, and Parisius was left behind in the garrison, with the reserve of his regiment. Never had leisure been so irksome, never had the place seemed so utterly forsaken, so deadly dull, although he and his young brother officers were wont to rail at it even at the best of times.

Misfortunes never come singly, they say; was it not enough to have nearly died of typhus, but he must be forced to stay here kicking his heels in idleness, and see all the rest march off to defend the Fatherland. Nor, if he could but have known it, was this all.

He used to carry himself and his vexations to Magda van der Heyden for consolation and sympathy. If you only groan, it is some comfort if some one hears you.

"I wish you would not say such dreadful things, Victor," pleaded Magda one day when he was refusing to be consoled.

He was lying in the stern of a little pleasure boat, holding the rudder lines, while Magda plied the oars on the Knieper Teich, one of the great fresh lakes that gird the town on the land side.

"What should I do, Victor, if you went away to the war?"

He looked up at her, and the gloom of his expression lifted a little; one could not look at so sweet a face without parting, however grudgingly, with a little of one's ill-temper. Her shady hat was tilted back a little, and the summer wind blew stray locks of pretty auburn hair across her temples; she had that smooth, clear, fair complexion that is rare among German women; the exercise of rowing had brought an unusual colour to her cheeks; the smiling, parted lips showed pearly teeth; her eyes—after all, her eyes were the soul and charm of her face, and they were the colour one may see in running water when the sun shines through it, something between light-green and golden-brown, under fine arched brows, full of depth and gentleness and truth.

Victor's black eyes softened as he looked at her. "I hope you would behave like a soldier's bride," he said, lightly. "I know what you would do, Magda," he added, after watching her a little.

"What, then?"

"You would go and cry in the Nicolai, there," and he pointed, laughing, to the great red towers of the Nicolai Church that rose above the walls. "You know nothing is more likely than that our reserve will be called for—any day—and then some of us must go—Magda! how I should rejoice if I drew the lucky lot!"

"Ah, but you will not be strong enough for a long time yet," said the girl, anxiously; "and, Victor," she went on, leaning forward on the oars

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and letting the boat drift slowly with the current, "do you know what papa says?"

"How should I?" returned he, with some impatience.

"He says he will put an end to everything between us if you go—"

"What!" exclaimed Victor, starting up. "Is a man to be cashiered for serving his country? I would do it now if only to thwart him. These merchant folk don't seem to know what honour means—money is the only thing they understand. Who ever heard of such a thing?" And he pulled his black moustache fiercely.

Magda, in her secret heart, admired his martial swagger; he looked so very handsome when his black eyes flashed, and the colour burned in his dark cheek, and his brows drew together in that fierce frown.

"He said he would not have me fretting after a man who was as likely as not to be shot any day," she said, her voice trembling; "and if he put an end to it at once, he seems to think I should not fret. But would you leave me then, Victor?" she asked, resting the oars again, and fixing her earnest eyes on his face.

"Leave you!" he uttered, savagely. "No, indeed! He shall not part us."

"You know you could not marry me without his consent," said Magda.

"Then I would make him consent."

Magda smiled faintly, and rowed on steadily in silence, Victor steering, silent also. The broad water twinkled in the light of the declining sun, the spray flew sparkling from the oars as they sprang up and backward, making a dull wooden sound in the rowlocks as the boat glided forward, and the grassy wall, with the houses and spires above it, was soon left far behind. Gradually, as distance intervened, the view narrowed and shortened and slid together, till the town stood out in one clear whole between the water and the sky. The horse-chestnuts in the boulevard along the wall hid the lower houses from sight, disclosing a fragment from time to time where the wall had crumbled away. The old houses stood up high above, contrasting curiously with the new ones built here and there amongst them, all tinged with the mellow light of the western sky, the windows glowing like fire as they reflected the setting sun. Every detail stood out plainly in the brilliant light; little iron and wooden balconies, with oleanders growing in green tubs; crumbling flights of stairs slanting up the old houses, with masses of tangled creepers flung about; here and there a little garden on a level roof, an aloe or a juniper in an Italian vase; white things fluttering on washing lines up amongst the chimneys and the stone balustrading on the roofs; and rising high above all the great red towers of the Nicolai and the Marienkirche, with their zinc domes and spires, and clouds of breezy jackdaws circling and wheeling about them.

"Victor!" uttered Magda, breaking the long silence at last.

He started and then laughed. "You brought me back from Alsace. What is it, Liebchen?"

"I want you to promise me something," said she, anxiously.

"What then?"

"Not to go to the war, Victor; some one must stay here, I suppose. If you draw the dreadful number give it up; the others will be dying for it."

"Really, I like that," he exclaimed, half provoked, half amused at the unreasonableness of such a request. "When I am panting to go! You may depend on it I shall not let my chance slip if I am once so fortunate as to secure it."

"Then will you promise me not to try to get sent?" she persisted.

"Why, how could I, when we draw lots?" he asked.

"I suppose you could persuade one of the others to give up his turn," said she.

"Oh! I don't think you need fear their generosity," he answered, laughing.

"Promise me so much, at any rate," she pleaded.

"Why, yes, I don't mind promising that much, just to please you, Liebchen. But why should you make so sure of my being killed?"

"Ah, Victor! who knows how many will come back!" she answered, sadly. "How many broken hearts it will cost whatever the issue may be!"

"Well, but let us not talk of broken hearts, nor think of never coming back," said Victor, affectionately, touched by her emotion. "Each takes his chance, you know."

The early days of August brought news of the battles of Weissenburg and Spichern, of Wörth and Forbach. In these few days the tables had been turned. Driven from one advanced post after another, surprised, out-generalled again and again, the insulting invaders had become the invaded, the Rhine and the Fatherland were saved, indescribable joy and enthusiasm thrilled every patriotic heart.

Parisius and a brother officer named Von Boltenstern were chatting together late one night, discussing the movements of the war, the strange dilatoriness and inaction of the enemy, the splendid decision and promptitude of their own generals, the concentration of the forces towards Metz, and the prospect of a more formidable engagement.

"Any day may bring our marching orders," cried Parisius, excitedly, joining in the song the soldiers were roaring out in front of the Hauptwache:—

"Ich hab mich ergeben,  
Mit Herz und mit Hand,  
Dir Land voll Lieb und Leben,  
Mein deutsches Vaterland!"

Suddenly the song ceased, there was a brief pause, and then the slow, solemn strains of a chorale thrilled through the silence. Some one was dead.

"Ah, yes," said Von Boltenstern, "I heard it this evening; the old Gräfin Waldmeister. I fancy she had no near relatives—no one to mourn very deeply. How beautiful the music is!"

Von Boltenstern bent his head on his folded

arms and listened; Parisius too became thoughtful, but he was not thinking of the music. Not for all the world would he have had any one read his thoughts at that moment; certainly not Magda van der Heyden, nor his friend Lobeck, who trusted and admired him, nor yet the simple-hearted Von Boltensstern, who sat there absorbed in the solemn music, and thinking of his frail old mother and the chances of the war.

The Gräfin Waldmeister was dead; there was a grand and costly funeral in the cemetery before the Knieper Thor, and her little fortune was left, not to her goddaughter, Magdalene van der Heyden, as all the world had expected, but to an institution for old women in the town—to the Beguinenhaus. Magdalene, instead of being an heiress, was simply the daughter of a moderately thriving tradesman who had sons to provide for, and would be able to give her only a very small dowry.

In the excitement of more important events no one thought twice about it, but Parisius was aghast. Nothing was further from his intentions than marrying a poor girl. He had proposed for Magda in the firm conviction that she would have a fortune, and although he thought her as nice and as pretty as any girl he knew, he would never have dreamed of marrying her with no better prospect than comparative poverty before him. It had been precisely to escape from the irksomeness of poverty that he had made this most unfortunate move. He saw but one way of escape, at any rate for a time. If only he were sent to the seat of war, old Van der Heyden, he thought, would carry out his threat and break off the match. He remembered an uncomfortable misgiving that had more than once possessed him, that this shrewd, irascible old Kaufmann mistrusted his sincerity. As long as all went well he had cared little for the opinion of his future father-in-law, and neither took much pains to disguise his sentiments from the other; only Magda kept peace between them. But now there was something inexpressibly bitter and humiliating in the thought that Van der Heyden would prove himself right, and would seize the opportunity of putting an end to the connection.

"Horrid old bourgeois!" muttered Parisius, vindictively. He would rather have broken Magda's heart, and caused regret and distress to her family, than feel that they would be justified in thinking themselves well rid of him. It was galling, too, to think that even Magda, when she should understand his faithlessness, must cease to worship him.

"Parisius, you're looking awfully glum," observed one of his comrades one day, "you'll be on the sick-list when our orders come if you don't look out."

"Oh! I think he looks much better," said Von Boltensstern, encouragingly, glancing at Victor's face, into which the natural brown and red were coming back, and then in his good nature he fired a random shot, "Scheiden that weh, nicht wahr, Parisius?" (Parting is pain, isn't it?)

Parisius coloured and laughed. These little stinging wounds were almost perpetual; the most

harmless remarks and pleasantries of his comrades, Magda's sweet looks and loving words, all were barbed and poisoned by his own conscious treachery, though as yet it had not gone beyond his secret thoughts.

Then came the news of Gravelotte, and the marching orders that had been so anxiously expected. Lots, as usual, were cast to decide which of the officers should be sent to the seat of war; Von Boltensstern and two others were chosen, and Parisius drew a blank. He flung it on the ground with a suppressed oath and left the room. He took a couple of turns up and down the court outside, and then went off hastily to ask to speak to the old Landwehr Major who was in command of the Ersatz-bataillon.

He waited some little time before his superior came in, and paced up and down the bare little room in uncontrollable excitement.

When the old major appeared and inquired his business he turned white and could scarcely speak.

"It's lucky we're not sending you off to-morrow," exclaimed the major, with rough good-nature; "you're ill, I see—you shall be excused duty."

"Ach! nein, nein, ich bitte Sie!" broke out the lieutenant, eagerly, gasping and stammering, "it is not that—I am quite strong—"

"Why, what do you want then?" exclaimed the other, staring at him in testy astonishment.

"Could you not send me, sir? May I—mayn't I try—ask one of them to exchange with me—?"

"What, what?" broke in the major, hastily; "we can't have these irregularities—no, no—come, don't waste my time and your own, my dear boy! Why, there isn't one of them—" he broke off suddenly—"Who's there now? Come in—what now?" he demanded, impatiently, as Von Boltensstern made his appearance. "No more nonsense, I hope? Soldiers do what they're told. You can go, Parisius." Parisius left the room with a white face and despair in his heart.

"Now, Von Boltensstern, what is it? Quick, for time is precious," said the major, as the young fellow hesitated. "Speak up and have done with it."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, his voice trembling a little, "if you could find one of the others to take my place—"

The old officer literally fell back against the wall and gasped. "Nein! Wie ist es möglich!" he uttered, and stared at the young soldier in blank astonishment and gathering wrath. "What do you mean, sir, by such a request?" he broke out, finding words at last. "I thought Parisius cool enough—but this impudence is—astounding. What do you mean by it, sir? Upon my word I've a great mind to put you both under arrest."

Von Boltensstern strove several times to explain himself, but the major's eloquence was not easily checked.

"My mother is dying, sir," he said, dashing his hand across his eyes; "she has no son left now but me—my brothers are—gone—"

"What! not both?" exclaimed the major.

"Yes, sir," faltered Von Boltensstern, turning

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his face aside. "Lobeck's parents have heard—Karl saw them both. Please, sir, if you think you could arrange it—" He paused a moment, and then broke out irrepressibly, "You know, sir, I would give my right hand to go, but I won't leave my mother if you can let me stay."

The old major grasped his hand. "I respect you, Von Boltensern," he said, earnestly, "more than a dozen of these young whipper-snappers who rave about blood and glory. You understand the meaning of the word *duty*. I respect you. Yes, yes, you may remain. I'll arrange it. Send Parisius here."

"Parisius," said the major, frankly, when the lieutenant appeared, "Von Boltensern is worth a score of you."

"Yes, sir," murmured Parisius, feeling it was true enough, but wondering how the major knew, and whether that was all he had to say.

"He remains in your place," continued the major, speaking abruptly. "You are ready at four-to-morrow morning. That'll do."

Parisius went off like a bird, and congratulating himself that the time was short and the thing irrevocable, he went to break the tidings to Magda, devoutly hoping that her father might be out of the way.

He was not to be let off so comfortably, however. Chatting at the door of his drapery establishment, Parisius encountered the redoubtable Van der Heyden, and each stiffened a little as they saluted.

"Well, young man," said his future father-in-law, scanning him from head to foot with a self-satisfied and slightly contemptuous air, "are you off to defend your country?"

"Yes, I am," replied Parisius, curtly. "Is Magdalene upstairs?"

"Yes, she is," said the old fellow, equally curtly, and added with a very significant air, "You would better bid her adieu at once."

Parisius went through the shop and ran up to the drawing-room above. Magda met him at the head of the stairs with a pale face, and locked her hands round his arm in silence, and they went into the drawing-room together.

"Magda," said Parisius, with some constraint visible in his manner, "I came to bid you adieu. I leave in the morning very early for Metz."

"You drew the dreadful lot?" she whispered, laying her hands on his shoulders and looking up with wide piteous eyes into his dark face. "Oh, Victor!" as he nodded a kind of assent. "Then it is all over with us. Will you give me up, Victor? Will you let anything part us?" she asked, falteringly, still gazing at him with a woe-stricken look that he found it very hard to meet.

"Will you, Victor—can you?"

"You know, Liebchen, that we cannot marry if your father refuses his consent," he said, with half involuntary tenderness.

"But you will love me still?" she whispered. "I am yours, only yours, Victor, always; nothing can alter my love. You will know and believe that, won't you, always?"

"I shall know that you are good and true, Magda, whatever happens," he said, evasively,

feeling desperately ashamed of himself; "but we must obey for the present. Let your father break it off—and then—then, when the war is over, you know, Magda, things may be better."

Her hands slid from his shoulders and dropped at her sides, her head drooped, her lips trembled, and he saw slow tears stealing painfully from her downcast eyes.

He felt he should commit himself more deeply than ever if he remained with her much longer, for he was not made of stone.

"It is very hard, of course," he said, awkwardly, "but don't you think it right, Magda?"

She dried her tears quietly. "Yes, yes," she answered, with an effort to speak steadily, "you are always right, Victor; you are so good, and I think only of myself. Aren't you ashamed of me?"

"Now, now," exclaimed the voice of Van der Heyden on the stairs, and the girl made a sudden swift movement towards her lover, but Victor dared not, for very shame, give and take a parting kiss; he seemed not to see her, but looked towards the door.

"Look here," said Van der Heyden, continuing his remarks as he came puffing up the last steps, and pushed the door open, "it's quite right you should go to the war, young man; it's what you're for, in fact; but I told Magda all along I'd have no hearts broken, no fretting and crying; I don't think you are worth it. I have but one daughter, and she shall break her heart for nobody."

Parisius maintained an attitude of subdued respect that was not without a pleasing effect upon the old man, who was little accustomed to it in his future son-in-law.

"I am ready to do anything you wish," said Parisius, submissively; "it is hard, sir, but a soldier's first lesson is obedience."

Van der Heyden turned a keen, penetrating look upon the young officer. He had a sharp ear, this old Kaufmann, for the ring of counterfeit coin, but Parisius bore his scrutiny without quailing, and he nodded grimly. "I'm glad you've learnt your lesson so well," he remarked.

The distant rattle of a drum brought welcome relief to Parisius. "I must go," he uttered, hurriedly. "Adieu, Magda, adieu!" and he stooped and kissed the hand she gave him, but had not the heart to answer her whispered "Auf Wiedersehen!"

The next morning, when the early sunlight smote the roofs of Stralsund, Magda van der Heyden was watching at her window for a last glimpse of her lover as the soldiers passed in the shadowy street below. She heard the drums beat and the tramp of feet drawing nearer, then the lines of spiked helmets and dark uniforms came briskly on. Another minute and Victor was in sight—was close below—was passing—had gone by, and she had strained her eyes in vain for a parting smile and glance from those eyes that would never, never look into hers again.

"Now, Magda," said Van der Heyden, observing her tear-stained face at breakfast a few hours later, "you may give up crying for that young scoundrel."



The words were rough but the tone was kind, and her tears, of course, began to flow afresh.

"You needn't give him another thought," pursued her father, in a consolatory tone, "for I've something to tell you. I went round last night and saw Herr Major Eckert—it was to please you, my child, for that young villain took me in last night. I asked whether it could possibly be arranged for one of the others to go instead of Parisius, and what—what do I learn?" The old man brought down his fist energetically upon the table. "I hear that he begged to be allowed to go, and exchanged with one of the others who had already drawn the lot! What do you say to that," he asked, with a sort of triumph, "eh? Is that a man to think twice about? To come here and say it was hard, and talk about a soldier's duty! Forget him, my child, before he forgets you. I always mistrusted him. It was the fortune of the old Gräfin that he wanted, not you, my child. Forget him, forget him, and stay with your old father; he is but a *bourgeois*, but he is honest!"

Parisius joined his regiment before Metz, and found interest and excitement enough during that eventful summer to keep disagreeable reflections at bay. He affected, of course, to find the siege slow, although its tedium, compared with the utter monotony of garrison life at Stralsund, was brilliantly lively. Few days went by without a skirmish at one or another of the fore-posts; the great forts scattered shot and shell in a promiscuous sort of way, on and off, day after day; now and then a sortie—hopelessly enough—would be made by the besieged, and an hour or two's sharp fighting would follow; familiar faces were missed for a time, and then missed no more. The talk would run upon the coolness and pluck of this or that officer; the splendid dash with which such and such a company of men carried such a point; the way So-and-so held his position; and another fellow with a handful of volunteers burned a village under the nose of the enemy without their finding him out. On quiet days they commented upon the tactics of Bazaine, shut up in the impregnable fortress—on the desultoriness of the French conduct of the war, so far; they calculated the probable duration of the siege, and speculated on their chances of seeing Paris within such and such a time.

In the summer weather the curious hardships of campaigning life were part of the fun—to lie all night, arms in hand, on *feldwache* duty in a wood "on the *qui vive*" for a sortie from the enemy, or spend twenty-four hours at a fore-post in sleepless vigilance, was a new and pleasant experience. To sleep on a few feet of straw in the dismantled hall of a once luxurious château, eating and drinking such things as came to hand out of such odd cups and platters as could be found, had all the charms of a picnic. And what better *reveille* could a young soldier desire than to be wakened by the sound of firing?

And then what genial evenings there were, what fun and merriment, what a strumming of dances and marches on the defenceless piano; what a singing of songs comic, patriotic, roman-

tic; what a roar of choruses when the chord of "Deutschland" was struck; what a clashing of odd glasses and defective teacups when some one had received a consignment of wine from home and the health of a gallant comrade was drunk; what a clamour of jolly voices over the game of cards; what laughter at the irresistible antics of that grave young lieutenant who convulsed them all with his ridiculous pantomimes!

The days shortened, however; the summer came to an end, autumn brought constant heavy rain; sickness crept about, undermining strong frames, rheumatism stiffened and crippled lithe young limbs, the soldiers stood patiently in the mud and coughed perpetually. The aspect, too, of the whole country around was not without a depressing effect upon the spirits. The beautiful plain and valley of the Moselle, encircled by wooded hills with vineyards on their sunny slopes, dotted all over with white-walled villages, half hidden by poplars and willows, and sprinkled with dainty villas in trim gardens, was become a spectacle of ruin and desolation. Instead of gardens are grim earthworks in all directions along the Prussian lines; once prosperous hamlets, where peaceful cottages clustered round the little church amid the poplars, are charred and shattered ruins, pitted with bullets, torn and ploughed up by shells; the harvest rots in the trampled fields strewn with the *débris* of battle and covered with graves. The villas and farmhouses are mere heaps of stones, with here and there a blackened roofless gable standing up amongst the ruins and lending shelter to a few skirmishers. Châteaux, half wrecked, stand in their wasted gardens, stacks of arms are piled among the trodden flower-beds, recruits practise their drill on the lawns—all is spoiled and ruined, except perhaps a quiet corner where lie a few hundred brave men who will see their Fatherland no more. There all is ordered and well tended, planted with shrubs and fenced carefully round. The wintry wind blows fitfully, and the pitiless rain beats upon the soil above their graves, but they shall feel cold and rain no more. Drums beat and trumpets blow around them, but never more shall bugle rouse them to the din of battle and the heat of strife. Their comrades will go back to their Fatherland and their homes, the villages will be rebuilt, the vines once more will clothe the vineyards on the hills, the gardens and fields will bloom again, the land will waken at the touch of spring, but these—these shall sleep here till the last trumpet calls. Ah! brave hearts and ready hands, for what was the sacrifice? This is earthly glory! This a worthy end of the noblest work of God! Oh, earth, earth, earth! so very far from the goal! Oh, human life! so very far from perfection! Oh, mystery of suffering and sorrow! Our eyes ache with watching for the dawn; our ears listen vainly for the voice that shall cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!" Well may we cry, "How long? how long?" groping here in the feeble twilight of this world.

Such thoughts visited many a heart in those gloomy days, and many longed for home and its dear faces and for rest. Not Parisius, however

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Parisius had distinguished himself more than once, and twice had received a few words of warm praise from his commanding officer—words that a month or two ago would have seemed the fulfilment of his highest ambition, and which now somehow fell a little flat. Something was out of tune. His brother officers were hearty in their congratulations. Lobeck squeezed his hand affectionately, and said, with a half-envious laugh, "Laurels doubly dear when you may lay them at her feet," and Victor disengaged his hand and turned gloomily away. The others took it for bashfulness. Lobeck wondered what was amiss. The world is an ill-fitted puzzle; never the right thing comes at the right time. You long for it to-day, it drops into your hand to-morrow, and you fling it away without so much as a glance at it. Your eyes are fixed yearning on a distant height; to-morrow you have reached it, but you scarcely know nor care. Your eyes are dim with crying, your heart still empty and unsatisfied, your sickness incurable, although the medicine lies to hand—all is too late.

Amongst many brave men Parisius was winning a name for daring and desperate courage. His only peace was in action. He had a vague desire to atone for the cowardice of which his heart accused him by bravery in the field and ceaseless activity, but of his fame he might have said with Lancelot,

"Pleasure to have it none; to lose it pain."

One wet day towards the end of September Parisius was on *feldwache* duty in a village where lay a couple of Prussian companies on the constant look-out. The duty was severe, and relief, accordingly, frequent. The young officers were beginning to grumble as their time drew to an end, and to give up their hopes of any "fun," when a sudden sortie of the enemy in considerable force brought every hand to its weapon and steadied every nerve to meet the onslaught. The fight was sharp, the issue not at first as obvious as usual. The Prussians found themselves greatly outnumbered, and had to fall back as the French poured into the village. The besieged were in search of food, there being some grain stores in the place, and were fighting for their lives in more senses than one. They scarcely got under way, however, with their booty, before the Prussian artillery came forward to the rescue, and they retired precipitately before the storm of shells that fell among them. Then there was leisure to see what had happened and who was hurt. Very few were killed, not many wounded, but among these were Lieutenants Lobeck and Parisius. Lobeck, with a broken arm and disabled by a wound in the foot, leaned, half-fainting, propped on his elbow, over Parisius, who lay just as he had fallen when he was hit, his hands rigidly clutching the muddy grass, his broken helmet lying near, his face, all stained and disfigured by the blood flowing from a ghastly wound, turned up to the rainy sky. Lobeck was beside himself with grief, and refused to move until his comrade was first gently lifted and borne in under cover.

"He's dead, poor fellow!" murmured the

others, as two stalwart soldiers raised him from the ground and carried him away.

"Were you near him? did you see him fall?" asked Lobeck's comrades, as they helped him away.

"Near him!" panted Lobeck, standing still and gripping their arms for support. "He brought me so far. I was hit at the beginning, and he saw I couldn't get on. He was helping me to shelter there." He pointed to a fragment of a wall and a shrub or two—all that was left of a cottage and its garden. "I begged him to leave me and go on with the rest. I told him they wouldn't touch a wounded man, but he wouldn't listen. He said such things had been done, which was true. We had nearly reached the place when a shot hit him full in the face, and he went back like lead. Of course Behrend will be with him directly?"

"Behrend?" The men looked at each other and let the question pass. Parisius, they knew, was beyond the surgeon's help, poor fellow.

"Have you seen Parisius?" asked Lobeck, eagerly, when the burly surgeon came to cut out the bullet.

Behrend shook his head. "I've seen him, yes; but I don't think he will see me again," he said, sadly; "he can't live an hour."

"You do not say so! It was for me," murmured Lobeck, covering his face.

"Ja, ja! That's the way in war. You can't gather laurels off rose-bushes."

"But to die just when he has won them!" exclaimed Lobeck; "they would have given him the iron cross."

The doctor was silent a while, and then he merely remarked, grimly, "There are plenty of brave men left to claim it."

"Do go and see him again," pleaded Lobeck, when the operation was over, catching at the other's tunic as he was leaving.

The surgeon turned and scanned the young fellow's features with interest; there was something singularly attractive in the fair honest face.

"Sehen Sie mal," he began, kindly; "you must keep quiet. Yes, yes, I'll go and see him again; I'll do all I can, but I'm afraid he's past hope. There—now lie still. *Leben Sie wohl!*" and the burly figure disappeared through the battered doorway. "Probably dead already, poor lad," the surgeon added to himself, as he stumbled across the ruins to the place where he had left Parisius.

To this second visit, made to appease Lobeck rather than with a hope, however faint, of being able to save him, Parisius owed his life. He did not die in an hour, as the surgeon certainly expected. Some latent power in his constitution enabled him to resist the strain, and in time to rally slowly. A fortnight later Lobeck, sufficiently convalescent to limp about the village—a village in the rear to which both had been removed—came to bid him good-bye.

"Na, Victor mein Lieber," he cried, cheerily, in the doorway. "It's good to see you alive."

"Is it you, Lobeck?" asked Victor, holding out his hand vaguely from the pallet where he

lay with all the upper part of his face hidden by bandages. "It is good to hear your voice again, though they won't let me look about me yet."

"They're sending me home," said Lobeck, settling himself upon a corner of the table, "so I've come to say adieu."

"Home?" repeated Victor, in a troubled voice. "When, Karl?"

"To-morrow if they can get us off," replied Lobeck, looking pitifully at his helpless friend, "I shan't be sorry to see old Stralsund again, and get away from this tainted atmosphere and out of the mud."

Victor's mouth trembled. "I should like to get away," he muttered, "out of the world altogether."

"What?" cried Lobeck. "Do you know they are going to give you the iron cross?"

"Oh, don't, don't," uttered Victor, turning his head painfully away, "das felhte noch—it is the last drop—I can't bear it. Oh, Karl! Why couldn't I have died!"

Lobeck transferred himself from the table to the edge of the rough wooden bed on which Parisius was lying. "Was fehlt Dir, Victor?" (what ails thee?) he asked, affectionately. Victor drew away his hand from the brotherly touch and said nothing.

"Come, take heart," said Lobeck, after a pause, "you will soon follow us home. Give me a message for Fräulein van der Heyden."

Victor did not speak, but Lobeck saw his lips trembling again and divined that his friend was in some trouble of which he knew nothing.

"Am I too much for you, old man?" he asked, grieved in his heart to see him so; "shall I take myself off?"

But Victor groped almost convulsively for his hand and held it fast. "Oh! no, no; don't leave me, Karl!" he broke out.

"No, no, I won't, my dear fellow," returned Lobeck, soothingly, rather alarmed at the pitch of agitation to which Victor had worked himself up; "only try and keep a little quiet. I shall stay here ever so long, you know, if you want me."

"I must tell you," Victor went on nervously, still gripping the other's hand—"I must tell you it all. You will hate me and despise me, but anything is better than the torture I have endured all this time—praises from all of you and bitter shame within."

Lobeck had half an idea that his friend was wandering in his mind, but he humoured him. "Well, tell me the whole thing, then," he said, "only don't knock yourself up, you know."

And then Victor, with his face turned to the wall, poured out the whole story of his half-hearted love, his faithlessness, and the breaking of his word and deception that had followed. "And then you fellows go on about my bravery! They give me—me the iron cross!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Oh, if I had but died! Now leave me, Lobeck, and never speak to me again."

Lobeck's face had grown dark as the truth became clear to him, and he had a hard struggle with himself before he spoke.

"Well, Victor," he said at last, "I don't know

what to say. Am I to do anything for you about it in Stralsund?"

His voice rang a little hard, and Parisius felt the change but could not resent it.

"There's nothing to be done," he said, wearily. "It's all over, you know."

"Yes, but I could take a message, a note, if you like."

"Can I write?" demanded Victor, sadly, and Lobeck melted; he had forgotten. "Besides," continued Victor, "she cannot want to hear of me again; she knows it all. No, no, leave her alone. Some better fellow will win her. I'm glad you know it now, Lobeck."

"Yes," said Lobeck, absently, "I'm glad too."

Something in his voice made Victor's heart stand still an instant.

"Victor," said Lobeck, earnestly, when both had been silent for some minutes, "would you care to marry her still if all could be set right?"

Victor did not answer at once; that strange thrill in Lobeck's voice had told a tale to ears that would not have understood it a few months ago. There was a short, sharp struggle in his heart, and then he answered "No;" and Lobeck, not at all surprised, attributed his hesitation to shame at giving this unvarnished reply.

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"Could I not at least have asked her forgiveness?" thought Victor, sadly, to himself, after Lobeck had left him; "or have let her know, at any rate, that I am ashamed of myself? She would have written, perhaps, or Lobeck might have written—but they would not let me read it. One might as well be dead as lie here like this; better indeed. This horrible darkness and inaction, and this constant pain, is intolerable. I cannot bear it much longer."

And still he had no choice but to bear it day after day.

"Parisius," said the doctor to whom he had been handed over when he was first moved, coming in one morning and sitting down beside him, "don't you think you are a little stronger?"

Parisius lifted his hand to the bandage round his eyes and said,

"I shall not get stronger till I can see. I am wearying to death in this darkness."

The doctor bit his lip and did not answer.

"How long are you going to keep me like this?" Parisius asked.

The doctor laid a big kind hand on his shoulder and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

As by a flash of lightning on the darkness Parisius divined the awful truth—the truth which he had not once suspected, and fell back with a cry of agony.

"Ach, nein, nein, nein! Ach Gott! das kann ich nicht!" he uttered wildly. "Blind—oh! I can't bear it. Oh, Heaven have mercy!" The poor fellow, weak with long illness and completely broken by the shock, covered his face with his cloak and sobbed aloud.

The doctor went quietly away to look up another patient, and did not come back for half an hour.

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had left him, with his cloak still across his face, perfectly quiet. He knew he could not be asleep, and went and took him by the hand.

"I have half an hour to spare," he said, cheerfully. "Can I do anything for you, my lad—write a letter or anything?"

Parisius flung away the cloak, and sat up with his face hidden in his hands.

"You're very kind," he said, gratefully. "No, there's nothing, I think, thank you."

"Well!" said the doctor, looking at him anxiously; "the next thing is to send you home. Stralsund, isn't it? Fine bracing air. You must try and keep up your courage."

"Yes, yes," murmured Parisius, nervously. "Don't speak of that; I shall bear it in time. It is not more than I deserve," he added, under his breath.

"That's brave. They haven't given you the iron cross for nothing," said the other, heartily. "Well," he went on, rising, much relieved to find Parisius so quiet, "if you don't want me I shall go. Next week I think you may be at home if you keep up your spirits. Try and do that, you know. *Leben Sie wohl!*"

Ten days later Parisius, with a batch of convalescents, was sent away to Germany, and the first voice that greeted him on arriving at the railway station at Stralsund was Lobeck's. "Wie geht's, Victor mein Lieber, wie geht's?" he asked, affectionately drawing the other's hand through his arm and guiding him through the crowd that had gathered to welcome back the sick and wounded to their homes. "Here's the droschky; mind the step. So! We're off! Isn't it a beautiful sunny day for November?"

"Is it sunny?" asked Parisius, rather sadly, and then added, taking heart again, "It is something not to have rain after all these weeks."

"Hullo! There's Von Boltensern!" cried Lobeck, stopping the droschky, and gesticulating.

"Du! Von Boltensern!" he cried; "come with us. Here's Parisius with his iron cross," he went on as their comrade joined them, and Parisius held out an uncertain hand. "You don't know what it is to me to see him alive."

"I feel ashamed of my smart uniform beside yours, Parisius," said Von Boltensern. "How I have envied you all this time!"

"I'm sure you needn't," said poor Parisius, sitting with his head a little bowed and wearing a shade over his eyes.

"I declare I would exchange with you," cried Von Boltensern, "if I might have your clear conscience, you know," he added; and Lobeck turned scarlet and looked up suddenly at the clock on the church tower above them. "I couldn't leave my mother as long as they would let me stay, of course, but you were as free as a bird."

Parisius was silent, and wondered sadly whether these random shots would never cease to wound.

That evening he and Lobeck were sitting together, smoking over each other and trying to talk; but each was thinking of Magda van der Heyden, and the talk was forced.

"Karl," said Parisius, abruptly, in the middle of

a remark the other was making, "have you seen her? Do you often see her?"

"Pretty often," replied Lobeck.

"Does she know I am here, do you think?"

"Probably not," said Lobeck, pulling his blonde moustaches, and finding it hard to read the other's face without the eyes.

"Karl, I would give anything to see her—to speak to her, I mean," Parisius went on, nervously. "Do you think she would come—if you were there too, you know?"

"I'm pretty sure she would," said Lobeck. "Shall I ask her?"

"Ah, if you would!" sighed Parisius. "If I could only hear her say she had forgiven me I could go away in some sort of resignation. Of course, it's no good my staying here—a blind, useless man!"

"I'll go now," said Lobeck, jumping up and taking his cap from the table. "It's not very late—only a little after six, although it's so dark."

"Don't say anything about me, only that I should like to speak to her," said Parisius as Lobeck was leaving. "She doesn't know about—she doesn't know I'm blind, Karl?"

"I have never mentioned you to her," replied Lobeck. "I don't think she knows anything," and he went off.

In twenty minutes he came back.

"Victor, here is Fräulein van der Heyden," he said as he opened the door, and Victor, turning hot and cold, rose and made a few steps forward. A cold hand was laid in his, and he knew it was Magda. At the same moment Lobeck shut the door.

"Don't go, Karl," said Victor, not knowing whether he was there or not, but he was gone.

"He said he was coming back directly," said Magda, timidly. "I cannot stay many minutes. What did you want to say, Victor?"

"Can you forgive me, Magda?" uttered Victor, in a hoarse, low voice. "Can you forgive me?"

She did not answer at once, and Parisius longed to see her face and read her heart there. Perhaps she could not bring herself to forgive him; ah! that was natural enough.

"Was it all true that they told me?" asked the girl, quite unable to see his face in the gathering darkness as he stood between her and the narrow window.

"The worst you ever can have heard of me is true," he answered, recklessly. "I don't know how I dare expect your forgiveness; I deserve that you should refuse it. At least, you know I am ashamed—miserably ashamed."

"Victor! Victor! don't speak so bitterly!" she said, in her sweet, gentle voice. "What am I that I should not forgive you freely, as I hope one day myself for forgiveness? Never think of it again; it was a mistake, and you could not see your way. I have never blamed you."

He could not see the deadly paleness of her face, nor guess that her eyes were full of tears; he only heard the steady voice and sweet words of pardon. He fancied she had learned to forget that he had been dear to her.

He drew the betrothal ring from his finger.

"And this that I have forfeited, Magda," he said, sadly, "will you take it?" He held it out vaguely—because of the darkness she thought—and she took it and gave him hers, and so they parted. Lobeck, coming back, met her at the door and took her home.

They spoke not a word; Lobeck did not dare intrude upon her silence, and she was saying to her heart over and over again, "He said the worst was true—he has never loved me."

And Parisius, when his friend came back to him, wrung his hand and thanked him. "It's all over now, Karl," he said, with a sigh; "I ought to be glad that she does not care any more. She could not, after what I have done—and yet—yet I almost thought she might. Well, I am glad—yes, it is a good thing."

There followed a long silence. Lobeck stood at the window looking out at the dimly-lighted Markt; a soldier and a servant-girl were flirting at the pump; two others leaned over the black-and-white railing of the barrack-yard and chaffed the passers-by; and now and again the sound of a great guffaw penetrated the dark room and jarred upon the nerves of the two young officers within. Lobeck was fighting with the worst impulse that had visited his heart for many a day.

"I have never told her of all he did for me," he thought, staring at the gas-lamp at the corner, "nor what it has cost him. I thought it cruel then, and useless, to remind her of a man who did not care a fig for her, though one can see plainly enough that she thinks of no one else. I am only a friend—perhaps only that because I am *his* friend. Still, I might have a chance in time, now that they have broken off everything—who knows?"

The impulse to let things be was strong. Did not Parisius deserve his fate as far as Magda was concerned? Did he not say he was glad? If he said so, of course he was glad.

Presently there was a vigorous stamp upon the floor which made Parisius start and lift his head.

"What *are* you doing, old boy?"

"Oh, I am sorry I woke you, Victor," said Lobeck, ruefully, "I was trying to kick the devil!"

Parisius laughed. "I hope you succeeded, then," he said.

"I hope so," said Lobeck, cheerfully; "and now, mein Lieber, I'm going to put you to bed. Come along."

"I'm an awful bore to you, Karl," said Victor, when he had found his friend's arm; and they went away together.

"Now don't begin that nonsense again, Victor," said Lobeck, a little vexed and hurt. "Put yourself in my place; I can't give you back your eyes, but you shall share mine."

The next day—a windy sunny day—Lobeck took Parisius by way of a walk down to the harbour. They strolled along the busy quays enjoying the invigorating wind laden with the scent of seaweed, tar, and pinewood, listening to the knocking of the mallets in the huge half-built ships, the rattle of cables, and the blithe shouting and singing of the sailors. Ships from many a northern port lay here with pennons of all colours

fluttering on the breeze; crowds of little fishing vessels, with tawny weather-stained canvas flapping at the masts, were moored along the quays, rocking gently to the swell that lapped and swished under their sides and plashed against the weed-grown wall. Across the water, about a mile away, the rosy coast of Rügen rose out of the sea, covered with orchards, meadows, and stubble-fields, and fringed with little groves of fir, and all between the little crests of foam were playing with the wind, leaping and dancing on the dark sparkling blue under the sunny sky.

"Karl," said Parisius, coming to a standstill near the fishing boats, "you go on and have your walk, my dear fellow, and leave me here. I can't go on. I think it takes it out of a fellow, not being able to see. I shall soon get used to it."

Lobeck looked at the downcast sightless face with infinite distress.

"But what will you do with yourself?" he asked. "Let me stay too; we can sit on these logs—"

"No, no," interrupted Parisius, "I shall be all right. I like listening to all that's going on. I know so well how it all looks. Go on, and you can fetch me when you come back."

"Na ja, wie Du willst," said Lobeck, with a sigh, and he found him a sheltered sunny place out of the wind on a heap of fir trunks, and walked away.

Once out of earshot he turned and looked long at the slight solitary figure sitting on the logs, his head bent down in his hands in an attitude of deep dejection.

"He's fretting himself to death," muttered Lobeck. "He ought never to have been so worn-out with that short bit of a walk. Das geht nicht, Victor, mein Lieber; wollen mal sehen," and he turned all at once and went off at the quick step up through the ferry gate into the town.

Parisius sat where he was left, listening to the plash of the sea and the noise of the boats bumping lightly together, and the creaking and stirring of the chains that moored them to the wall; and as he listened other days came back; it was the tinkling drip of water from the oars that he heard, the wooden movement in the rowlocks. He saw the broad lake twinkling and rippling in the sunset, and the old town with its windows gleaming like fire above the grassy wall. He saw a fair sweet face with serious truthful eyes, and sunny hair blowing about the temples. His hands tightened convulsively. Why did that sweet face haunt him so? Could he not forget?

"Oh! Magda, Magda! it has come at last! The last drop in the bitter cup I have mingled for myself! I love her now that she is lost to me!"

He roused himself; he tried to think of other things; he hummed the song the sailors were singing in one of the vessels near; he listened to the sea against the wall; and presently it was the dip and splash of the oars that he heard, the fair sweet face that he saw. It came again, always, night and day.

He thought of their parting, and a blush of burning shame deepened the colour in his cheek.

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A light hand was on his shoulder. Was it still the old vexatious memory? A sweet voice murmured his name—a voice made strange with tears. Ah yes! had he not seen the tears creeping down the pale face, and hardened his heart against her? Ah! that dreadful pain in his eyes again!

"Victor, Victor," murmurs Magda's voice beside him, and the gentle touch is still on his shoulder.

Victor raised his head, bewildered, and held his breath to listen. What new trick of fancy was this? His heart beat violently. It was like waking from a strange dream in the dead of night, uncertain in the darkness that one is not dreaming still. Night and day alike were dark to him.

At last he dared to speak. "Magda, Du Engel meiner Seele," he uttered, scarcely above a whisper. "Magda?"

Ah, yes! She was there, crying bitterly, holding his hands, calling him by name. "Victor, you love me still?" she whispered. "Is it true? Ah, I never knew you were blind. What he has suffered! I didn't know it, and I thought you didn't care. I left you without a word, but my heart was breaking, Victor."

His senses had come back at last. He knew that she was really there, and he pulled himself together. "Don't pity me; I deserve it all," he said, tremulously. "Have you forgotten my cruelty, my faithlessness? You let pity deceive you; you cannot love me now—"

"Victor," she broke in, struggling with her tears. "I loved you first, before all this unhappiness came upon us, and nothing, nothing can undo it. Ach! he does not believe me!"

"I left you, Magda, because you were poor," he said, bitterly, "and shall you seek me out now

that I am helpless and blind? No, no. God bless you for your sweet compassion, but you shall not sacrifice yourself. Do not tempt me; I am very selfish still. Lobeck loves you, Magda; he is a much better fellow—"

"Victor!" she broke out, passionately; "have you never believed that I loved you? Can I change? Can one give one's love and then take it away and give it to someone else? And has reason anything to do with it?"

He shook his head. "But you shall not sacrifice yourself," he repeated. "You pity me, and pity makes you forget. My punishment is hard to take, but it is nothing to what I deserve. If you were to strike me dead, Magda, instead of forgiving me, it would be within the mark."

"But I bid you live, and prove, Victor, that you love me and are sorry for what you made me suffer. How can I believe you if you still will have none of me? The least you can do now, Victor, is to be kind to me. That is the punishment I think you deserve. Is it too hard?"

Parisius lifted his face towards her with an expression of hopeless doubt that went to her heart.

"If I could but see her face I should know," he muttered. "If only for a moment it were light!"

There was a low cry of irrepressible sorrow and compassion; her arms were round his neck, his head was drawn down and rested on her bosom, her warm tears fell on his face. "What have I done that you should doubt me so, Victor?" she murmured. "Will you break my heart?"

Her question found no answer, and yet I think she was content.

C. H. D. STOCKER.

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

I.

THE present year will be memorable in the annals of Art as pre-eminently a "Reynolds year." There have been other exhibitions of this painter's works, notably one some twelve years after his decease, and again in 1813, under the direction of the British Institution, evoking much enthusiasm. The National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington in 1867 included a still larger number of his portraits. But no collection has ever brought together so many of his productions as the recent exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, illustrating his career from its commencement to its close. The Royal Academicians also included in their winter gathering of "Deceased Masters" several of Sir Joshua's choicest works.

With these exceptional opportunities for the appreciative study of Reynolds, we must not forget the splendid examples of his talent permanently on view in the National Gallery, to which, with the advantages of comparison, the observer turns with renewed and heightened interest.

It is sufficient to mention the "Heads of Angels," presented by Lady Gordon; the "Ladies [incorrectly known as the "Graces"] decorating a termes of Hymen,"\* bequeathed by the Earl of Blessington; Lord Heathfield's portrait; and that of the painter, which belongs to the Vernon Collection, as do the "Age of Innocence" and other choice instances; while the Peel Collection offers masterpieces like the "Snake in the Grass," "Lady and Child," "Robinetta," and such inimitably characteristic portraits as George, Prince of Wales, Boswell, Admiral Keppel, and others almost equally attractive.

Another exhibition, held contemporaneously by the Fine Art Society, representing the engraved works of Samuel Cousins, R.A., incidentally bor-

\* Verses which appeared on the first exhibition of Reynolds's picture of "Ladies adorning a Terminal Bust" (Ladies Townshend):

"I thought the Graces were but three,  
To wit—Montgomery, Gardner, Townshend;  
But, Reynolds, thy bright art I see  
To these three beauties gives a thousand."



dered on the same topic, demonstrating the fine treatment which, a century later, Reynolds's pictures received at the hands of a veteran engraver, the sole surviving link with the great mezzotint engravers who held direct personal communication with Sir Joshua himself.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire\* on July 16, 1723, a few months before the death

him less than three years (1741-4), and then he returned to Devonshire, where he employed himself in painting portraits at low prices (seventy shillings). At this time the style he subsequently made his own had not been acquired, and his works resembled those of his obscurer contemporaries. One of his earliest friends was the Rev. Zachariah Mudge, vicar of St. An-



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF, 1789.

of Kneller, the most eminent of his immediate predecessors in art. His father, who was in the Church, was master of the grammar-school at Plympton St. Mary, where the future painter was educated. His ostensible master in portrait-painting was Hudson, then much in request, but who was content to retire when Reynolds came into celebrity. He remained in London under

drew's, Plymouth, and prebendary of Exeter. It was to the teachings and conversations of this able man that Reynolds was indebted, according to his own admission, for his first disposition to generalise, and view things in the abstract. Mudge possessed a reflective mind, and was an admirable conversationalist, and Reynolds evidently "learned to think" from his example.

It has been said that although Reynolds was in the studio of Hudson, the portrait-painter, his real master was Gandy, of Exeter. James Gandy, the son, an eccentric genius, but an inferior practitioner to his father, was apt to insist upon the

\* Devonshire, a county prolific in artists, has produced, besides James Gandy, of Exeter, a pupil of Vandyke (whose work had an early influence on Reynolds's mind), and William Gandy, his son, among other painters of note, Hudson, Hayman, Cosway, Humphry, Northcote, Haydon, and Prout.

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advantage of giving a rich effect to pictures in opposition to the flat style which then prevailed. His favourite axiom that paintings should have a "fat look, like cream or cheese," may have indoctrinated Reynolds with the theories which led him to experimentalise in "fattening" his pigments by methods productive of fascinating results while the medium remained unaltered, but the fugitive nature of the vehicles (such as wax dissolved in turpentine) which he incorporated with his colours was such as to endanger the "standing" qualities of the work when tested by time. It may be inferred that Reynolds drew all that was excellent in his early impressions from the pictures of the two painters of this name.

The vantage point of Reynolds's career is to be found in his early introduction to Commodore (then Captain) Keppel. This gave him a threefold opportunity—the painter was enabled to travel to Italy; further, the first portrait which brought him into notoriety was that of his friend and patron; and the influence acquired by this aristocratic connection (Keppel was the second son of the Duke of Albemarle, he afterwards became admiral and viscount) secured him many sitters of eminence.

Reynolds was induced by Keppel, when appointed commodore of the squadron sent out to Algiers to demand restitution of the Dey for acts of piracy, to accompany him in his vessel, the *Centurion*, to the Mediterranean; and after passing through Port Mahon, Algiers, and Leghorn, the artist reached Rome, where he remained two years. His studies were directed to the works of Titian, Correggio, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. It was while copying the productions of the last great master in the Sistine Chapel that he caught a chill, which left a permanent infirmity in the partial loss of hearing, so that in company he was compelled ever after to use an ear-trumpet, but this misfortune did not impair his spirits, or prove an impediment either to his success in life or his enjoyment of social intercourse. He afterwards visited Florence, Venice, and the other great art cities of Italy. During his residence in Rome he improved in power and executive ability. He seems to have been engaged in portraiture, upon which he must have chiefly depended for his support. He returned to England by way of Paris, having brought with him a young Roman, Giuseppe Marchi, of promising talents, who was afterwards of considerable use to the artist. Reynolds visited Devonshire, and painted Dr. John Mudge.

When the painter finally came to settle in the metropolis, he took up his residence in St. Martin's Lane. His first picture to arrest attention was the portrait of his protégé Marchi in an Eastern dress. This work, which was totally dissimilar to the style of execution in vogue, was a blow to the conventionalities which then narrowed art. "It will not do, Reynolds," said his *soi-disant* master; "it isn't a bit like Kneller." The merits of the performance, however, secured general recognition; and the more ambitious portrait of Commodore Keppel (1753) placed him in the first ranks of his profession, and proved the foundation of his fortune.

He removed to Great Newport Street, where his sitters increased so rapidly that he had full employment to execute the commissions which flocked in upon him. His price for a head while at this address was twelve guineas. In 1760, when he removed to the west side of Leicester Fields (since rechristened "Square"), his prices were raised to twenty-five guineas for a head, and other sizes in proportion; and these rates were gradually increased, about 1770, to thirty-five guineas, and from 1779 to fifty guineas. For his larger pictures and family groups the remuneration was much higher. For instance, he received seven hundred guineas for the "Marlborough Family."

In 1766 Reynolds was elected a member of the Dilettanti Society, and this led to the painting of two magnificent groups of the members, the property of the society, considered the oldest body of its kind in the kingdom devoted to the study of artistic antiquity.

On the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768, Reynolds, who had previously taken an active share in the Incorporated Society of Artists,\* was by the members of the new body unanimously elected President, a distinction he accepted with reluctance. To add to the importance of the office, the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. The duties of this post were undertaken and discharged by Sir Joshua with his usual thoroughness, and in 1769 he delivered the first of his series of discourses to the students. His tenure of office was marked by successful management, and during this time he worked with uninterrupted assiduity, almost up to his death.

It is in his house in Leicester Fields, where he built a studio and a gallery, and in which he sought relaxation by accumulating pictures, drawings, prints, and works of art, according to his opinion the best investment for his earnings, that we realise Reynolds in his familiar guise. He rose early, even though his friend Dr. Johnson had kept him up until the small hours of the morning. Johnson, who styled Reynolds the "most invulnerable of men," had a tendency to take possession of any place where he felt himself "at home," and under the roof of the prosperous and tolerant Sir Joshua this was eminently the case. The Doctor would drop in at late hours, of course requiring tea, and tea-making and drinking seemed to engage no slight share of attention in Reynolds's establishment—his sister Frances had charge of this responsibility—and once in possession of the ear of the company, Johnson was in his element, and no matter the hour, he would not be dislodged.

When his beloved niece "Offie" (Miss Theophilia Palmer) was a visitor in town, Sir Joshua would take a morning airing with the little lady, and produce rhymes for his pet; then back to breakfast and the day's occupations, in which he took the liveliest pleasure. The studio was a most comfortable apartment, well furnished, and

\* He wrote the preface to the catalogue for 1762, was a member of the managing committee up to 1764, and was a regular contributor to the exhibitions until 1768.

with fine paintings hanging on the walls. Perhaps an hour between nine and ten might be snatched for news, letter-writing, inquiries as to "old masters" and recent acquisitions of works of art, for the artist "dearly loved a deal," as he himself records; but generally Sir Joshua's days were portioned out with such system and exactitude as could alone ensure the execution of his pressing commissions. A list of sitters for each day was duly entered in the painter's pocket-book, and, besides diaries, ledgers regarding "first" and successive payments were duly kept with methodical punctuality.\*

The sitter arrives, and Sir Joshua, a compact, healthy-looking gentleman, of moderate stature, sturdy but not corpulent as to figure, with a round countrified face and ruddy cheeks (reminiscent of rosy apples), and with an active manner, at once proceeds to business. The sitter is placed on the "throne"—in this case an armchair (the original is in the Royal Academy)—raised on a platform. The painter wears a morning dress, his palettes are square and held in the hand by a handle, and not like those supported on the thumb in general use; the colours are ready set on these palettes by Marchi, who has prepared the master's tints in advance, having by experience a perfect acquaintance with his requirements. If for a first painting, the tones are elemental—white and black tempered with blue or lake, as the case may be. The brushes have very long stocks. Sir Joshua invariably preferred to paint standing, and attributed the preservation of his health and his exemption from the consequences of a sedentary profession to this circumstance. He uses a canvas which shows texture and gives "grip," also stretched in readiness. Sometimes it is "thicken"—the canvas with diagonal threads characteristic of his rival Romney's practice; and in some cases it is "unprimed"—that is, without the preparatory layer or "grounding;" otherwise the surface is a dull tone. Sir Joshua stands as far off as practicable from his canvas, it being advantageous to obtain as nearly an equal proportion of distance between sitter and canvas as is convenient. Then those formidable spectacles—great round glasses with heavy silver rims (the identical pair may be seen at the Grosvenor)—being finally adjusted, and, more difficult still, the sitter's attitude arranged and arrived at to the mutual satisfaction of artist and model, the painting proceeds. After a few rough sketches with chalk or charcoal, the attitude is dashed in with such celerity as to enable the first favourable pose to be transferred to the canvas, and the general modelling of the head and hands is carried forward. It is quick practice, for in an hour another sitter is due. Perhaps a child is the next comer, and therein Sir Joshua shows the resources of a man of genius. No one understood the graces of childhood more instinctively than Reynolds, and, ingenious man! his quick wit suggested the best methods of placing his juvenile models at ease, so that nature came out

simple, unaffected, and unrestrained. He was the friend of children, and if he ever found a youngster of either sex show symptoms of alarm at the mysterious and usually irksome ordeal of being painted, that very gesture was turned to excellent account, as may be traced in his family groups more especially. While engaged at his task, as at all times, Reynolds refreshed himself with prodigious pinches of snuff.

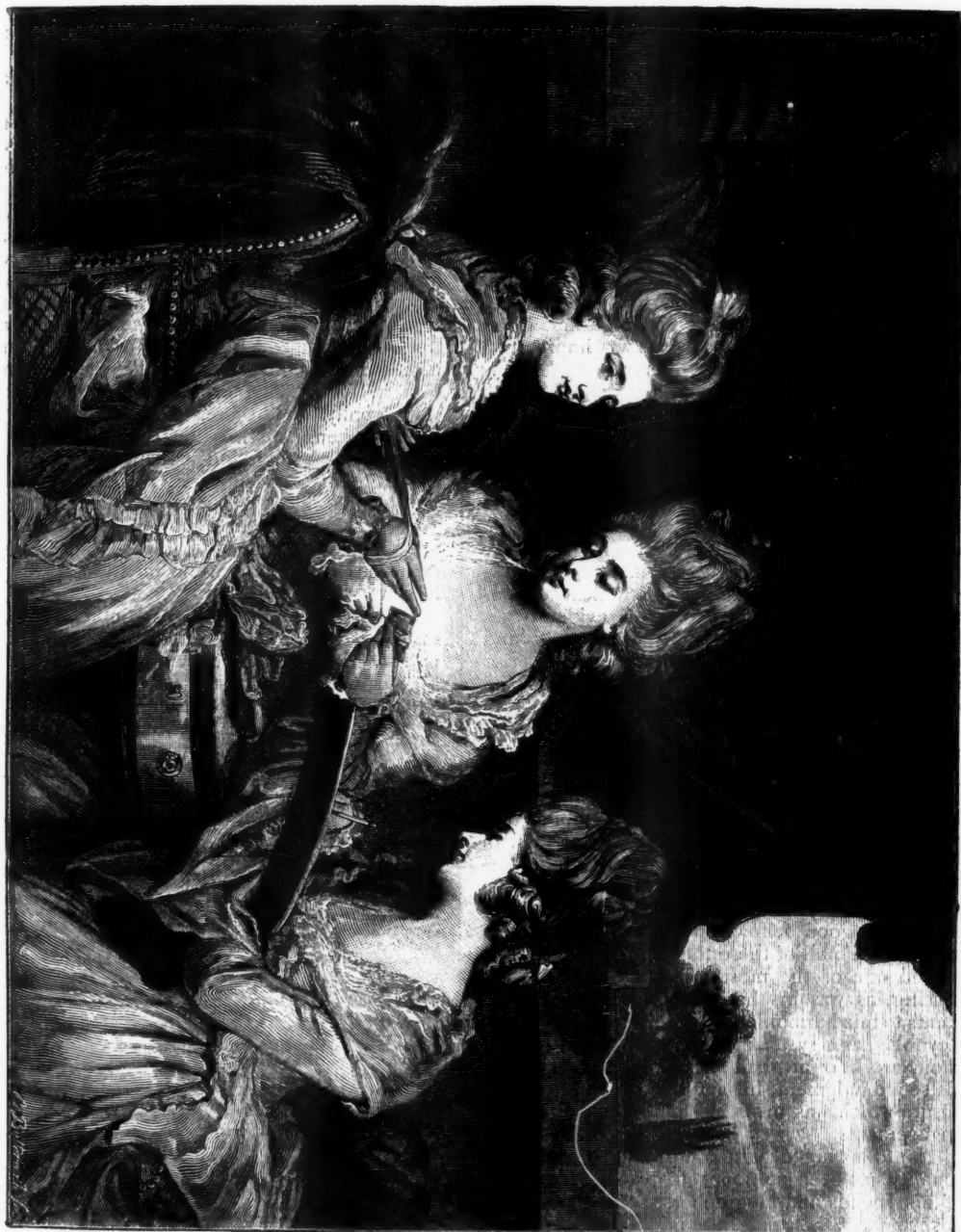
The sitters evidently were not indulged with a peep at the results of the painting in its progression, but if we look over Sir Joshua's shoulder we shall probably find that his pictures are carried very forward in the "dead colouring" stage, which in his case means nearly monochrome painting; the effect rather of a rich engraving, but with a full body of white for the lights. Later on we see the "glazing," which may be almost staining, when the carnations touch the cheeks, vermillion is lent the lips and lustre to the eyes, while the rich transparent browns warm the shadows, and the unctuous yellows soften the lights; the russet foliage of the background, the broken blue of the skies, and the fine autumnal glow of the whole are among the intuitions of the painter's eye for colour. But here come in the wicked secrets of Sir Joshua's creamy mellowness, and we approach the grounds on which his detractors dub him the "conjuror," for, like all successful and fortunate practitioners, Reynolds has enemies among the envious and less favoured brethren of St. Luke, and those on whom fame has failed to call. He tries all sorts of insidious little subterfuges to reach the effect of perfection, and he will not even let his assistants meddle with these particular "nostrums"—for, alas! such they are proved by time—unstable pigments, and "vehicles" or varnishes which, though pleasant to use, and facile in results, are known to be changeful; wax dissolved with spirit, which gives a peach-skin-like consistency to the tints mixed up with this vehicle, and allows the under-painting to reflect through diaphanous, just as flesh in life, but which, in spite of precautionary varnishing, is equally perishable. These are the rocks ahead upon which the president will allow none but himself to be wrecked; his pupils are warned off the use of "nasty" messes;\* and he puts away all his saucers of compounds with his own hands and turns the key; not that he cannot paint with a more glowing palette than any one of his generation without these dangerous expedients, as, fortunately for posterity, he has often preferred to do. There was the same craving which has affected all great minds—the striving after the seemingly unattainable.

Sir Joshua gets through four or five sitters in his working day, reckoning his earnings at something like five guineas an hour. When, as rarely happens, sitters are slack, "to keep his hand in," and to continue the chiefest delight of his existence, he summons models, humble people who

\* Mr. Henry Graves is in possession of these valuable records, among other memorials of the artist.

\* To Sir George Beaumont, the eminent amateur, who aided to form the National Gallery by the bequest of his small but choice collection, Sir Joshua, when consulted by him because dissatisfied with the results he produced, slyly gave advice—"Use a little wax, Sir George, but you must not tell anybody."





THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.

After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

sit for a wage, the "Infant Daniels," "Callings of Samuels," and "Infant Hercules," among children; "Banished Lords," "Ugolinis," and "Resignations," among adults and old men; or he paints his pupils, or his servants; and, as frequently as not, attacks his own likeness, of which multifarious examples exist. Besides all these there are pictures of his own to advance, landscape backgrounds to fill in—in the appropriateness of these Reynolds showed his great faculties for the aspects of nature. And there are old masters which may be advantageously cleaned and restored only by the hand of Sir Joshua, which has no equal for dexterity.

At four o'clock Reynolds's working day was done; after that he dressed for the evening, and at least one day in the week there was company to entertain in the big house, with its nest of studios. The host invited many, and others came to meet some guest of note; in this way impromptu gatherings occurred in the intervals; and, when Sir Joshua remained to dine at home, he was sure of company without ceremony, and thus secured that intellectual exchange which refreshed him after the exertions of the studio. The dinner time was four o'clock, the fashionable hour at his day. He enjoyed music, knew all the great singers and performers of note; he painted most of their portraits inimitably, conferring on them a further chance of gaining posthumous recognition. He seems to have purchased tickets liberally for professional benefits, was evidently an enthusiastic attendant of such amusements, and his taste in theatrical matters was of a superior order. There was the Academy, its duties and hospitable festivities to superintend; in the presidential seat Sir Joshua was the same genial courteous entertainer as when host at his house in Leicester Fields. There were many club nights—the "Literary Club," which sprang from the social meetings at Reynolds's table; the "Dilettanti Society," the members being men of culture as well as of rank, some of them immortalised in his pictures; the "Star and Garter Club," besides minor associations for the promotion of good fellowship among professional workers. To all of these the artist belonged, and proved one of the most acceptable acquisitions; causing, as was his happy art, the various elements to mix harmoniously. Moreover, Sir Joshua Reynolds, as a systematic collector of rarities and choice works of art, had sufficient employment for his sound judgment, his surplus cash, and the rare leisure which was available amid such absorbing engagements.

The following description of the painter's personality has been pronounced "exact" by several of his friends and biographers. "In stature Sir Joshua was rather under the middle size. He was in height nearly five feet six inches, of a florid complexion, roundish blunt features, and of a lively pleasing aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active." "With manners highly polished and agreeable, he possessed an uncommon flow of spirits, but always under the strictest regulation."

He enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and convers-

ing with all the beautiful, accomplished, and illustrious characters of his time, for Sir Joshua had the privilege of painting, as he expressed it, "two generations of the beauties of England." He was constantly employed in the exercise of a profession not only lucrative, but which afforded him inexhaustible entertainment. Finding how little time he could spare from his art for the purpose of acquiring general knowledge from books, he early resolved to partake as much as possible of the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his time. His urbanity, social talents, unvarying cheerfulness, and the clearness and impartiality of his understanding, fitted him for a perfect host to entertain men of parts, and it is not astonishing to learn that "for above thirty years his table exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being during that period scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there."

The expenses of his household Reynolds estimated at two thousand a year, but Johnson, on the painter's own showing, reckoned his annual professional income at six thousand during his residence in Leicester Fields. He was helpful to his friends; Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and numerous others might be mentioned who were indebted to his purse.

On the death of the court-painter, Allan Ramsay, in August, 1784, Reynolds was sworn principal painter-in-ordinary to the king, and two months later, appropriately on the festivity of their patron, St. Luke's Day, he was presented with the freedom of the Painters' Company, an honour of small consequence to the distinguished recipient, but one which, says Malone, "he received with his usual complacency and politeness."\*

\* Some reference is necessary to the engravings which illustrate this notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The picture of "The Ladies Waldegrave," exhibited by Lord Carlingford at the Grosvenor, was painted in 1781, a commission from Horace Walpole, whose nieces, Ladies Laura, Maria, and Honoria, are represented "at work with the tambour." It was originally at Strawberry Hill, the scene of the painting, and the owner wrote of it, "My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless very fine and graceful, but it cost me 800 guineas." It was originally engraved by Valentine Green, and a proof of the mezzotint has brought over 200 guineas at Christie's.

The four examples of Sir Joshua's pictures of children are engraved after the plates by S. Cousins, R.A. They are reproduced here on a small scale by the permission of Mr. Thomas McLean who, with Messrs. Agnew, is concerned in the publication of these examples of what may be accomplished in our generation in the direction of a successful reproduction of Reynolds's pictures in mezzotint.

The little lady standing on a hill, with her skirts gathered round her waist, was painted in 1779 for the Earl of Upper Ossory. It represents Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick ("La Collina").

"Lady Caroline Montagu," so called, is properly the portrait of Lady Montagu Scott, third daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. The picture was painted in 1776 and exhibited in 1777. It is in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace. It was engraved in mezzotint by J. Raphael Smith, 1776, and known as "Winter." A fine proof of this engraving, before letters, and with full margin, sold at Christie's, March 17th, 1873, for £110.

"The Age of Innocence," the subject is one of Reynolds's child models according to accepted belief, and is not identified with the children of any of his fashionable patrons. The picture, painted in 1787, one year before that of Miss Boothby, became the property of Jeremiah Harmand. At his sale, in 1844, it was bought by Mr. Vernon for 1,500 guineas, who left it to the National Gallery. It was engraved in mezzotint by J. Grozer, 1788, and has since been selected by Samuel Cousins as an example of his skill in that art.

Miss Bowles, afterwards Mrs. Palmer, engraved by William Ward as "Juvenile Amusement," 1798, painted in 1776. Reynolds received fifty guineas for this work. It was purchased later by the Marquis of Hertford, who gave upwards of a thousand for it. A proof before letters of the mezzotint brought forty guineas at Christie's, February, 1873. It is now in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace.

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## NO CHOICE:

### A STORY OF THE UNFORESEEN

BY REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF 'STRAIGHT TO THE MARK,' ETC.

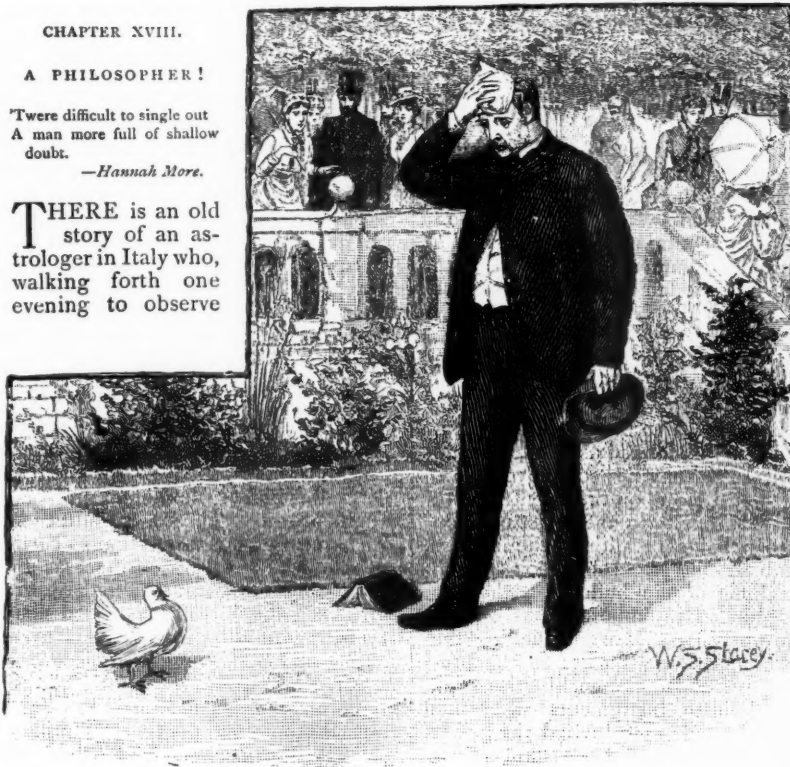
#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A PHILOSOPHER!

'Twere difficult to single out  
A man more full of shallow  
doubt.

—Hannah More.

THERE is an old  
story of an astro-  
loger in Italy who,  
walking forth one  
evening to observe



"A CHANGE SUDDENLY CAME OVER HIM."

the stars, fell head-first into a well. Some one who witnessed the accident pulled him out half drowned, and (having first, let us hope, dried and warmed him) rallied him upon the folly of pretending to be able to read the secrets of the stars, when he could not see the open dangers which were under his feet.

"Tu pretendi, uno gli disse,  
Fra le stelle, erranti e fisse  
Penetrar, e tu non vedi  
Quel che trovavi a tuoi piedi."

So Professor Tycho Nunn, though he could calculate the paths of the wandering comets, and knew all the fixed stars by their names, could not

discern or understand things which came to pass immediately under his nose. He was a clever mathematician and a subtle reasoner, but sadly deficient in instinct and wanting in observation of sublunary affairs. After his rebuff in the shady walk, he came as usual to Newton House, and he and Marian met occasionally, though the latter took excellent care never to be left alone with him. When he spoke to her he addressed her by her Christian name; but she did not appear to notice it, and did not call him "Tycho" in return. A whole week elapsed before Professor Nunn arrived at the conclusion that he was still a disengaged and free man, and even then he did not feel absolutely certain about it.

Adrien was satisfied on that point at a much



earlier date, but he still looked upon the professor as a suitor, not doubting that he would renew his proposal; and although Adrien would not have admitted that there was any feeling of rivalry between them, and not even a shadow of jealousy existed on the professor's part, yet Adrien was restless and unhappy, and could never think of Professor Nunn as a constant visitor at Newton House without displeasure.

The general invitation which Mr. Newton-Earle had given Adrien to make use of the observatory had not been very cordial; but Adrien's anxiety to know what was going on at the house was such that he took advantage of every opportunity of presenting himself there. He had been to church on Sunday morning as usual, and in the afternoon, seeing three or four visitors enter the grounds, he took the liberty of joining the company assembled.

Professor Nunn had finished his morning's work, and had withdrawn. He could do nothing while the visitors were there, and did not care to hear the plaudits which were bestowed upon another man's instruments and another man's supposed scientific attainments. Also he was rather shy of meeting the ladies, among whom, of course, was Marian. Mr. Newton walked with the air of a showman among his telescopes, timepieces, and other specimens of skilful and accurate workmanship, the perfectness of which would alone have been worthy of admiration, apart from the uses for which they were designed. Huge instruments, which looked as if they would have required a steam-engine to move them, swayed silently to and fro upon their centres with a touch, and were brought to the exact position required even to a hair's breadth, at the impulse of a lady's thumb and finger. John Pook showed how the entire dome of the building yielded to his winch, and looked as important, as one of the company observed, as Jove compelling the globe. Pook was quite at his ease, in the professor's absence, and took strange liberties even with the more delicate instruments when his master's back was turned. He invited the guests to recline in the well-cushioned adjustable chair attached to the transit, and wound them up and down as if it had been a swing-boat at a country fair.

It was a darling chair, one of the ladies observed. She insisted upon being told where Mr. Earle—Mr. Newton, she should have said, especially as it was Sunday—obtained it. She was resolved to have a pair from the same maker for her library. The chair had quite as much attraction for her as the telescope, or as the books, perhaps, upon her library shelves. Some things are for use and some for ornament in every house, and it is only natural that the useful should be preferred.

Turning from the lower and material aspect of the observatory to the heavenly bodies, for the study and contemplation of which it was supposed to have been designed, Mr. Newton not only discoursed wisely, having acquired a certain acquaintance with the subject, but, in reply to some natural remarks from his listeners, gave utterance to

opinions which are not usually a token of wisdom, but the contrary. It is the "fool," not the wise man, that "hath said in his heart there is no God." Mr. Earle did not say that exactly, in so many words, but it came nearly to the same thing. There might be, for anything he could say to the contrary, a "great First Cause" of some kind or other. People were welcome to their own opinions on that subject; it was enough for him to study and investigate realities. Stars, planets, comets, those were his subjects of inquiry, and he did not want to look beyond them. He did not believe—

But we will not trouble our readers nor sully our pages with the ramblings of a materialist. "Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." It has been well remarked that an infidel or atheist must be the most credulous of men, since he believes that innumerable stars and systems have been formed and sent forth in their orbits without any mind to contrive or any hand to fashion and propel them—that the world in which he lives, and all things in it, himself included, were made without any maker, or "grewed," like Topsy, and that the fixed laws, which he confesses to be incomprehensible in their wisdom and invariable in their operation, were at first appointed and are still enforced without any Lawgiver.

Even among profane writers, Greeks and Romans, it is on record that "No one of the barbarians ever was an atheist; not one of them," Ælian tells us, "ever fell into contempt of the gods, or ever called in question whether they existed or not, or whether they took care of human affairs or not." Cicero writes in the same strain: "There never was any nation so barbarous, or any people in the world so savage, as to be without some notion of gods. Many have wrong notions, for that is the necessary consequence of bad customs, but all allow that there is a certain divine nature and energy."

Mr. Newton-Earle was fond of the Greek and Latin classics—or professed to be so; but he did not think much of these particular opinions, though supported by such authorities as Ælian and Cicero. He would not have called himself either atheist or infidel. He was a freethinker; nothing more. If he had any religion at all it was a religion of his own; and if he manifested it, it was chiefly by expressing his contempt for the religion of other men.

It was strange that, with such negative views, Mr. Newton-Earle could not refrain from giving expression to his opinions on religious questions—or rather exposing the vacuity of his faith and the illogical character of his mind. He knew that it was distasteful to others to hear the sacred truths of which they were persuaded condemned or ridiculed; but from some incomprehensible reason it was gratifying to himself. Probably it rose from a sense of his own superiority. Superiority to what? To the collective wisdom of the wisest and best men of all ages? Could he seriously think that of himself? Even as an astronomer, in those special studies to which he devoted himself almost exclusively, he was but an

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amateur. He could do nothing without Professor Nunn to help him. And Professor Nunn was no unbeliever; Professor Nunn confessed the truths of religion as a philosopher, even if he did not prize and follow them very strictly as a Christian. Mr. Newton-Earle was not even a philosopher, if he had but known it. However that might be, he liked to air his notions, and to observe how other people shrank from the pernicious blast. He heeded not their whispered remarks and signs of disapproval, but walked among them wrapped up in a consciousness of independent wisdom—"Mea sapientia me involvo." To Mr. Earle the universe was but a vast machine—a thing of orbs and circles—an orrery on a large scale—to be observed and admired, and, in a certain sense, to reflect honour upon himself for his proficiency in admiring and observing. There was, indeed, more even in the machinery than he could ever have apprehended even if his mental faculties had been of a much higher order than they were; but since the machine was there, and he could not deny its existence, it might have been worth his while to inquire whence it came and who was its contriver.

There was (and perhaps still is) a school of philosophers who boldly denied that there was any such thing as *matter* in existence; and they would undertake to prove their position mathematically.

"A point," they would say, "is that which hath no parts, or which hath no magnitude; points disposed in a row form a line, which is length without breadth; lines placed side by side make a superficies, which is that which hath only length and breadth; and a number of superficies laid one upon another compose a solid. Thus we have solids built up of points. But *ex nihilo nihil fit*; if a point hath no parts, a solid which, according to this theory, consists of nothing but points must also be a thing of nought. Therefore everything around us that we see, hear, and feel—nay, we ourselves—are without substance, mere phantoms, having no real, or, to say the least, no solid existence—the baseless fabric of a vision. Some one caused it to be written on a tombstone—

"Life is a dream, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Epitaphs, however, do not always speak truth, and "the dead know not anything." If Mr. Newton-Earle had held the "dream" doctrine, which it may be presumed no one ever did hold seriously, even that would have been more worthy of a rational being than to admit the existence of the globe on which he stood, and of those countless orbs which he studied with his instruments and his eyes, and at the same time practically to deny their Maker—to keep a record of their movements, and to scrutinise the precise and unchangeable laws by which they are governed, and yet have no desire to learn by what hand they were constructed and controlled.

"Pooh!" he said to himself in his conceit, as

he caught the remarks of some of his guests; "nonsense—superstition—pooh!" It was evident, by the toss of his head and his whole bearing as he walked across the lawn, treading under his feet the grass of which he could not have formed a single blade to save his life, and carrying the last new scientific treatise on comparative cosmogony under his arm, that he was not only conscious of his own superiority, but felt a placid kind of pity for all who had not attained to the same degree of enlightenment. He knew nothing of a Lawgiver—a great First Cause. Not he!

The worm that wriggled its way across his path to escape being crushed under his foot was not more ignorant.

But while Mr. Earle was stalking along occupied with these reflections, a change suddenly came over him. He halted, and looked anxiously about him; his colour went and came; his whole bearing seemed to falter; his very bones seemed to have lost their stiffness; he became limp. What could be the cause of such a change in such a person?

One of the guests was calling the attention of those around her to a white pigeon which had settled upon the great telescope, and was uttering its low, plaintive cry.

"Look at it," she said, in rather exaggerated terms—"do but look at it. I never saw anything so white; and it seemed to come down from the clouds."

The visitors generally cast only a momentary glance at the bird. It was singularly white, they admitted, for a town pigeon, and it was curious that it should be there alone, but there was nothing very remarkable about it. It was a stray bird, of course; Mr. Earle did not keep pigeons, but there were plenty in the neighbourhood.

While they were watching it the pigeon left its perch upon the telescope and flew from branch to branch among the trees, following the group of visitors; then it swooped suddenly, passing close to Mr. Earle's head and settled on the ground in front of him.

The book on comparative cosmogony dropped from under the astronomer's arm, and before stooping to recover it he was observed to take his handkerchief from his pocket and to wipe from his forehead the drops which had suddenly started to the surface.

"Look, Mr. Newton," cried one of the company, "it is going into your study."

The bird had perched upon the window-sill, and was sitting there quite still, its head turned sideways as if contemplating the owner of the house gravely or critically and waiting for his approach.

Mr. Newton, without replying to any one, turned and walked towards the observatory, where he disappeared from view. When he rejoined the company, who had repaired to the dining-room for refreshments before taking their leave, he was very pale and spoke but little, being evidently anxious or preoccupied. One or two of his friends ventured to ask him if he were

unwell, but he turned away impatiently and gave them curt answers. Before the last of them had departed he himself retired, and they went away wondering and conjecturing among themselves what could be the meaning of this extraordinary change in his behaviour. The white pigeon had then disappeared from the study window, where it had last been seen, but was resting upon the sill of one of the upstairs rooms in another part of the building, the blind of which had been drawn down.

"That's his bedroom," said Digweed, looking up to the window with a gloomy countenance. "That's the master's bedroom, where the bird is now. See how it follows him. It's a very curious thing, and I don't like the looks on it."

"Not like the look of it, Digweed?" Lady Cornelia asked, as she stood at the gate waiting for her carriage. "It's a beautiful pigeon. I never saw one so white and fair before."

"No, my lady, and never will again, very likely. I can't bear to look at it myself."

"Why not, Digweed?"

"Well, my lady, it ain't just the thing one likes to tell about, especially when the bird is sittin' there a listenin', as it might be; but—ask my missis. She knows."

Digweed's missis was present, and after Lady Cornelia had passed through the doorway she followed her, and under the shelter of the wall, where the pigeon could not see her, delivered herself in a solemn whisper of all she had to say about it.

"You must know, my lady, as there's a something very peculiar about Mr. Newton's family. They say that when one of them is going to die, or any other great misfortune likely to happen, a white pigeon comes to forewarn them of it; it always does."

"You don't mean it?" said her ladyship, looking round with a tremor.

"A banshee?" said her husband, with a laugh. "A banshee in London, and by daylight! You don't believe in such nonsense, surely!"

"I don't see that the place or time should make any difference to a banshee—if there are such things," she replied; "why should it?"

"Mr. Newton believes it, sir," said Mrs. Digweed. "You saw how he took it. Mr. Newton believes it, and well he may, for didn't the same thing happen when his mother died? That was when he himself was born, that was, though he don't remember it, I dare say. And again when his father died—at Salsea, that was; Salsea Manor, the old family place. I was not in the family myself in them days, though I have been with them nigh on forty years; but I've heard tell about it scores of times. Yes, ma'am, my lady; and Mr. Newton believes it, though he ain't one to believe anything without good cause. It's a warning for him, you may depend upon it."

"I hope it may do him good," said Mr. Keates. "I am not afraid that it will do him any harm."

The visitors then departed, and the door was closed and locked after them.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—CONCERNING OMENS.

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed:  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

—Shakespeare.

DIGWEED, standing before the door of his lodge with his wife by his side, and Canicula, Nicholas, or Nic at his feet, cast another anxious glance at the window of his master's bedroom. The white pigeon was still there, sitting motionless upon the window-sill. Some corn had been thrown down upon the gravel, but the bird had taken no notice of it; it had been driven from its post more than once by the servants, but had returned to it again almost immediately. There it sat still, gathered together in a corner, having evidently chosen that spot as its resting-place for the night.

"Call it what you will," said Digweed to his wife, "banshee or ban pigeon, it ain't a thing to be made game of, in my opinion; and the master knows it. There it sits, a-waitin' and a-watchin', a-watchin' and a-waitin'; what is it come about? what is it a-waitin' and a-watchin' for, I wonder? Hah! we shall know in good time, I dare say. We shall know soon enough; too soon for some on us I doubt."

"What are you looking at, Digweed?" Adrien Brooke asked as he passed the lodge. He had been busy in the observatory putting things in order which had been displaced by some of the visitors, and had not been aware of the little excitement which prevailed outside.

Digweed pointed to the pigeon and repeated what has already been told on the subject of its appearance.

"Where did you hear that story?" Adrien asked, with sudden interest.

"It isn't a story," said Digweed. "It's as true as true. My wife can tell you more about it than I can; but it ain't a story at all; it's a tradish'em, that's what they calls it—a tradish'em."

Adrien went into the lodge and sat there for some time listening to Mrs. Digweed's account of the apparition, as she called it, which belonged to the Newton family, and which, it was believed, came to warn them of some fatality impending.

"It ain't every family as has a omen of that sort belonging to them," she said; "only the old squires like, and people of quality. Mr. Newton's brother, as lives at Salsea Manor, down in Dorsetshire, he knows all about it. He is the head of the family, you know, and such things belongs to him more than to any one else. He lives in a old rambling sort of place which has a haunted room in it, so a white pigeon ain't much to him wherever it comes from."

Adrien, while he listened with a smile to the old woman, who gave him a long account of Mr. Earle of Salsea's supernatural visitants, could not but think with some seriousness of the white pigeon which had appeared at the window of his mother's apartment in Paris at the time of her last

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illness. He had handled that bird: it had taken food from his hands, and he knew that it was a real commonplace pigeon and no phantom. He remembered that he had put one of its feathers away between the leaves of a book, and probably had it still in his possession. Yet it was curious that a tradition of this kind should prevail in Mr. Earle's family, and that Mr. Earle himself should attach so much importance to it.

Adrien went back, before quitting the grounds, to look at the pigeon. It was sitting quietly in its corner on the sill of Mr. Newton's bedroom window. Some of the servants were peeping at it from among the shrubs and whispering to each other anxiously.

It was extraordinary how great a sensation the appearance of the little plump white pigeon produced both above stairs and below at Newton House. Although the evening was bright and clear, and two comets were to be seen after dark, or were at least "visible" according to the papers, which is not always the same thing, Mr. Newton-Earle would not go out to look at them. Professor Nunn had returned in time for dinner, and contemplated making a night of it in the observatory, but Mr. Newton could not be tempted to leave the house. He had taken a chill, he said, and the evening was cold. He sat long at the dinner-table, and drank more wine than usual, while the professor fidgeted and was anxious to get to work again. Professor Nunn liked a good dinner as well as most people, but did not wish to throw away an hour or two when the sky was clear. He rallied his friend upon his silence and apparent lowness of spirits, and made a joke of the white pigeon; but, observing that the topic was distasteful to his host, dropped it, though he could scarcely believe that a man of his scientific pretensions could be suffering from a superstitious terror arising from so trifling a cause. At all events, he would not pay him so poor a compliment as to suppose that one who professed to be superior to all the creeds which other men acknowledge could yield to a belief in omens, for which there was no better authority than family traditions and old wives' fables.

"Don't go, Nunn," Mr. Newton-Earle had said when the professor had risen from the table and had gone to the window to look out at the night.

"Don't go; take some more wine."

"No more wine, thank you. Glorious night!" He flung up the sash and looked out.

"Cold, though," said Newton, with a shiver.

The professor stepped out on to the gravel walk, and Mr. Newton followed him a few yards, till he could catch a glimpse of his own bedroom window. There was the pigeon, a round white ball, not sleeping with its head under its wing, but waiting and watching—a slight movement which it made with its head was sufficient to show that.

"Get a long stick and knock him over," said the professor; "or let Digweed bring a ladder and wring his neck."

"No, no," Mr. Newton answered; "it would do no good. Of course I don't think anything of it, you know," he continued, in a low voice, re-

turning to the dining-room; "but it is strange, is it not, that we should be haunted in this way? It came to my father a few days before—before something happened to him; and they say it always comes when—when anything is about to happen to any of our family."

"Where does it come from? whose is it? who sends it?" the professor asked, incredulously.

"Of course, it is only an accident, a chance, like—"

"Like everything else?"

"Only a coincidence, without any real meaning."

"Then why are you so anxious?"

"Anxious? What makes you think that?"

"You are cold; your teeth chatter; you tremble and are as pale as the pigeon itself. If it is not the omen it is something else. Perhaps you are really ill. Nothing serious, I hope; you do look rather bad."

"Do I really?"

"Yes; have you any pain here, about the heart?"

"Not much; only a sort of fluttering."

"And sinking?"

Mr. Newton had a suspicion that the professor was laughing at him, and would not reply any further.

"It's a case of *columbitis*, I fear," said the professor. "I prescribe another glass or two of wine:" and so saying he went away without any more ceremony to the observatory.

Mr. Newton, though he was not pleased with the diagnosis, adopted the prescription; and, feeling very cold and out of sorts, resolved to go to bed. Yet he could not bring himself to occupy his own bedroom, at the window of which the white pigeon sat as if watching and waiting for him, but ordered a room to be prepared for him in another part of the house, and retired thither as soon as it was ready.

He had been there but a short time when a slight rustling against the window-pane reached his attentive ear, and drawing the blind with a trembling hand, he saw the round white figure of the pigeon, the messenger of doom, as it seemed to him, nestling close to the glass, its head erect and turned towards him, as if it knew that the master of the house had gone to that room on purpose to avoid its visit—waiting and watching from this new coign of vantage as from the last, waiting and watching, inevitable and inexorable as the fate which—poor, simple, senseless bird that it was—its coming was supposed to portend.

Meanwhile John Pook the footman and other domestics were occupied with the same subject in the servants' hall, where Digweed and his wife, having looked in for the sake of company, were lending their voices to enliven the discussion. Mrs. Digweed had been attached to the family for forty years, and was able to corroborate everything that was advanced touching their traditions. "And what is there to wonder at?" she asked, while the servants, seated at the supper-table, listened with their eyes wide open, swallowing their food furtively. "It's only what one reads about

in all sorts of books. Didn't you ever hear of the old saying about screech-owls?"

"They be awesome creatures," said Digweed, parenthetically. "I shot one once, and I was almost afeard to pick it up. It looked like one of them cherubs on the gravestones in Salsea churchyard. I didn't know what I had been and shot."

"It's a true proverb about the screech-owls; everybody knows that, in Scotland at all events, and that was where I heard it—

'When screech-owls hoot upon the chimney tops,  
Death soon into the fated dwelling pops.'

"Pops!" said Pook, flippantly; "that don't sound right; not scientific, anyhow."

"Yes, 'pops,'" said Mrs. Digweed; "it's sense if it ain't science. They don't always go together."

The look with which this speech was accompanied was very hurtful to John's feelings. As a man of science he resented it. John had not failed to adopt his master's advanced opinions, and his fellow-servants never suffered an opportunity to escape of reproaching him:

"No," Mrs. Digweed repeated; "sense and science don't always go together, neither upstairs nor down. But as for 'pops,' it's as good as any other word; and I don't know where you would find another that would rhyme with 'tops.'"

"Chops!" the cook suggested, in a meditative way; but no one adopted her alternative.

"And I suppose it's obliged to rhyme somehow?" said Digweed.

"Of course it is," his wife replied. "In a proverb of this sort the rhyme is everything. Rhyme and reason; what would one be without the other, I should like to know?"

No one seemed to be able to inform her, and she went on—

"No; a proverb like that without rhyme would be nothing thought of, and have no significance. And that reminds me of another bit of poetry which I used to hear Miss Marian repeat years ago. I don't know where she got it—

'The pigeon croaked as she sat at her meal—'

"Not pigeon," said Digweed. "It can't be pigeon; pigeons don't croak."

"Frog!" said Pook, sternly, as one who knew.

"No, it ain't frog," Mrs. Digweed answered, indignantly; "who said frog?"

"I did," said Pook; "frogs do croak and pigeons don't. Any one who has studied natural history from a scientific point of view can tell you that."

Mrs. Digweed answered him only with another of her withering looks, and went on—

"The raven croaked as she sat at her meal,  
And the old woman knew what it said;  
And she grew pale as the raven's tail,  
And sickened and took to her bed."

"A raven's tail is black," Pook again inter-

rupted. "I've seen 'em alive, and I've seen 'em stuffed, and it's a scientific fact; the tail is black."

"Pigeon's tail you mean, perhaps?" said Digweed.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Digweed, stoutly, looking at the footman; "there's white ravens as well as black. Why shouldn't there be?"

"I never seed one," said Digweed.

"And there's white blackbirds and white crows."

"Well, but," said Digweed, "I think you have made a mistake. It ain't tail at all" (spelling it) "it's tale—t-a-l-e. 'She grew pale at the raven's tale'—the tale as it told—the message as it brought."

"Well of course that's what I meant," said Mrs. Digweed, "if you wouldn't interrupt me; it's enough to put any one out. That's what made Mr. Newton turn pale—the pigeon's tale; and he's took to his bed, too, in the spare room, and the pigeon is gone after him; that looks bad, that does."

"It follows the light," said Pook, "that's all, birds always do. They are like moths that fly into a candle, there's a scientific reason for it."

But this explanation was scouted by every one. Science was not popular in the servants' hall.

"I wouldn't talk so much about science if I was you, John Pook," said the housekeeper; "aping your master and showing your own ignorance. People as sets themselves up above their place should remember the proverb, 'The higher the ape mounts the more he shows his tail.'"

There was a general laugh, and John rose in anger to reply, but before he could speak a strange rustling noise against the window-pane caused them all to start from their seats; and John, who was sitting near the window, with his back towards it, sprang half way across the room, nearly upsetting the table.

"Go and see what it is, John," said the cook, backing towards the door.

John would have demurred; but, being jeered by the housemaid, summoned courage to make a hasty peep through the window.

A white-looking face met his own, and he started back in terror.

"What is it?" every one exclaimed; "what did you see?"

Before he could answer a voice from the outside called to them. "Tell Mr. Newton to come down directly; he is wanted at once."

"There! I told you so," said Digweed. "Something has happened."

"Tell him to come immediately. Mr. Nunn wants him. The comet is grand."

"Comet!" said Mrs. Digweed. "Oh, is that all? What a fright you have given us! I am sure I thought it was the pigeon come again, and it's only the comet! What a coil to make about a comet!"

Only the comet! In former times the approach of a comet was supposed to portend great and fearful calamities in which the fate of nations was involved. Europe was to have been overrun by the Turks as a consequence of, or at least a sequel to, the appearance of a comet. "Save us from

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Satan, the Turk, and the comet" was added to the Ave Maria, by authority, throughout all Christendom. More recently, when the superstitious fear of these erratic bodies had vanished before the investigations of astronomers, other fears arose. The world was threatened with destruction by collision with a comet crossing its orbit in its rapid and irresistible flight.

But Mr. Newton-Earle was not afraid of the comet, nor even of two or three visible at the same moment. He did not pray to be delivered from its influence, either mystic or physical. Yet he was afraid of a pigeon. Because the white pigeon maintained its place upon the window-sill, and followed the light from one window to another, Mr. Newton would not go from his room into the observatory.

The next morning he was really ill. He had scarcely closed his eyes all night, and even his short half-waking intervals of sleep had been disturbed by fearful dreams, from which he started up, scarcely able to distinguish the real from the imaginary.

Marian, coming early to his room to inquire after him, was struck with the anxious expression of his face, and finding him agitated and restless, proposed to send for their usual medical attendant.

"No," said he; "there is nothing the matter."

"But you look ill, dear father."

"Do I really?" he exclaimed, feeling his own pulse for the twentieth time.

"You have perhaps taken cold; you are feverish."

"Feverish! Oh, no; don't say that. I wonder, though, whether there is anything really wrong with me, or likely to be."

"Likely to be! Why, my dear father, you are not thinking about that poor little white pigeon, surely?"

"How can one help thinking about it? You know the tradition of our family?"

"Oh, yes; I have heard of it," Marian replied, laughing.

"It is not a thing to laugh at, Marian. You would not laugh if anything serious were to happen to me, I hope."

"No, indeed!"

"Have you looked out this morning?" he asked, in a faltering voice.

"Oh, yes; see," she said, drawing up the blind, "the bird of evil omen is gone."

"Gone—is it?"

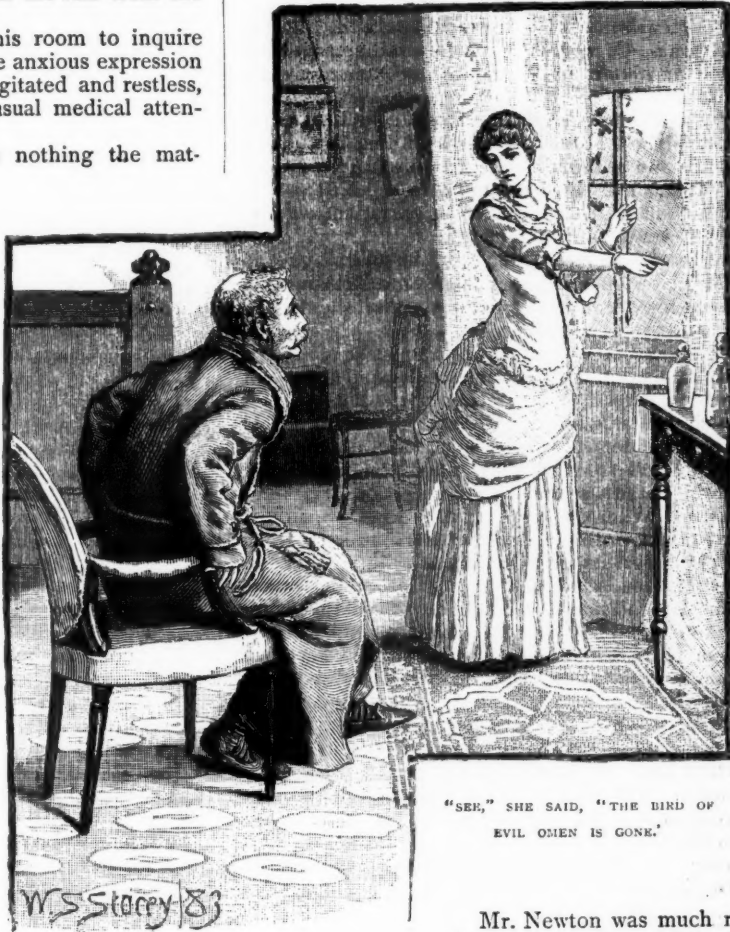
"Yes."

"When did it go?"

"I'll inquire whether any one knows anything about it? and yet I hardly like to do so. It is making it of so much consequence."

Mr. Newton-Earle said nothing; but Marian, understanding and pitying his anxiety, left the room, and returned presently with all the information she had been able to glean on the subject. It did not amount to much. The bird had disappeared during the night. Digweed had risen early to look for it, and it was gone. It had dropped a feather on the gravel, which Marian had found still lying there, as no one else liked to touch it. She had brought it with her to her father's room.

"See, father," she said, "it's a real feather; nothing ghostly or portentous about it. How beautifully smooth and white it is; do but look at it."



"SEE," SHE SAID, "THE BIRD OF EVIL OMEN IS GONE."

Mr. Newton was much relieved at hearing that the bird was gone, yet he wished it had never come, or that at least he could have known whence it came and whither it had betaken itself. The feather



was satisfactory, as proof that it was no phantom which had so disturbed him, but a real living pigeon.

"Yes," he said, "it is a real feather;" and having satisfied himself on that question he did not care to look at it again.

"How wonderful it is!" Marian said, opening the fairy-like sprays with her fingers; "how admirably formed for lightness and strength. Each thread or ray rests upon its neighbour, and seems to clasp it. How warm a covering for the bird; how strong to bear him in his flight; how close and compact to hold the wind like a sail as the bird beats upon it with his curved wing, and yet capable of opening to let the air pass through for the return stroke."

"What are you talking about, Marian?" Mr. Newton asked; "a feather?"

"Yes, only a feather; and it seems to me almost as wonderful, in its way, as a comet. How do you feel now, father?"

"Better. I am going to get up."

"You will not think any more about the pigeon, will you? Of course it means nothing. It only came *by chance*, and is gone away again for no reason."

"I can't quite agree with that," said her father, nervously. "I should be glad to think that it was chance and nothing else that brought it."

"It was not chance that made the bird or the feather either, I am certain," said Marian, quietly. "And even its appearance here may depend upon some cause which we cannot understand."

Mr. Newton-Earle muttered something in reply which his daughter did not hear, and she turned away and left the room.

Those who are curious in the matter of omens may find wonderful accounts of the appearance of birds, black dogs, and other portentous shapes, which are affirmed to visit particular families at critical moments, forewarning them of disaster and death; and some of these appear to be as well substantiated as the generality of supernatural stories. Where a belief of this kind prevails it may go far, with a delicate or nervous subject, to bring about its own fulfilment. The power of imagination is great, and the fear of death has helped to kill many. "Frightened to death" is not a mere figure of speech. *Ne moriaris mori* may seem to be the *ne plus ultra* of human weakness and cowardice, but it has happened to thousands nevertheless.

The raven has always borne a bad character. When it was sent forth from the ark it did not return with any good tidings for the eight souls within. According to the Roman augurs, the croak of a raven on the right hand, or of a crow on the left, was favourable; but as a rule the harsh voice and dark plumage were tokens of evil. Virgil says,

"The hoarse raven on the blasted bough  
By croaking from the left presaged the coming blow."

An ancient naturalist seriously avers, "Ravens are of the very worst omen when they swallow their voice as if they were being choked." Such,

we may conclude, was the manner of the raven which croaked to the old witch as she sat at her meal, according to Mrs. Digweed's recollection of Southey's poem.

Doves, on the contrary, or white pigeons, ought to bring nothing but good. Did not Noah's dove carry an olive-leaf in her mouth? and were not doves objects of reverence in Syria and adjacent countries in consequence?

"Why need I tell how, sacred, through the skies  
Of Syrian cities the white pigeon flies?"

So sings Tibullus.

Mr. Newton-Earle might have known that in those ancient and classic ages of which he loved to converse, the seven stars near the head of Taurus, with which he also boasted himself familiar, were called the Pleiades or doves, because the time of their rising was ever the most favourable season for navigating the seas.

Yet white birds, and birds with white breasts, are among the fatal omens of which we may read as the peculiar attendants of some families; and even Mr. Newton-Earle, who, as Digweed truly observed, did not profess to believe a great deal, believed that one of these poor harmless birds had come to warn him of his end. What good this warning could have done him, or for what purpose it was sent, it would have been difficult for any one who had no hope or expectation of a future life to say.

But it is one thing for a man to affirm that he does not believe, and quite another thing to be really incredulous; and it may well be doubted whether there is or can be anything so insensible in the world as a living soul that has no innate consciousness of its immortality, no apprehension of its own responsibility, no solemn conviction, though it be but for a moment now and then, of the account to be rendered in another world of all that has been said or done in this.

Mr. Newton-Earle, we may fairly presume, would not have feared the white pigeon, or even the fate it was supposed to usher in, if it had not been for a latent belief of something to come after death—"To sleep, perhaps to dream; ay, there's the rub."

#### CHAPTER XX.—A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

Nature is but a name for an effect  
Whose cause is God.

—Cowper.

ALTHOUGH the white pigeon whose appearance had created such a sensation at Newton House had departed at daybreak on the morning after its arrival, it returned at intervals, and for many days continued to perch upon the trees, upon the ladders of the great telescope, or elsewhere, and sometimes, after dark, took up its position upon the sill of any window in which there happened to be a light.

The servants would look at each other significantly, and Digweed and his wife would shake their heads with an air of profound wisdom and melancholy whenever they caught sight of it. But

it was never mentioned in Mr. Newton's hearing; the subject was known to be disagreeable to him, and they avoided it with a serious carefulness which, as he could not help noticing it, was even more annoying than their open remarks would have been.

No, they never mentioned it to Mr. Earle; but there it was; he could see it with his own eyes, and did not need to be told about it. It seldom uttered a sound, and looked ghostly enough, a white shape flying from place to place in the twilight, "like a sperrit," as Mrs. Digweed remarked. "If it had croaked or cooed poor Mr. Newton would have 'knowed what it said'; by-and-by, perhaps, its voice would be heard, and then the fatal time would be drawing near."

"It is a pity you don't shoot it," the professor had said; but the Digweeds repelled the idea with scorn. Neither gunpowder nor shot would ever reach that bird, not if they were to load their guns with crooked sixpences; the pigeon would only sit and laugh at them. What with croaking and laughing, it was certainly a very uncommon kind of pigeon. Even John Pook had never heard or read of such an one in all his scientific experience, alive or stuffed.

Mr. Newton-Earle could not conceal the anxiety which, in spite of his better judgment, continued to prey upon him. Although he would not allow his daughter to send for a medical man, not having any particular symptoms to describe, and being unwilling that the cause of his nervousness and general disturbance should be talked about, yet he felt really ill, and could not help thinking constantly upon the family omen and the evil consequences which it might or must portend. He had no appetite, suffered from constant lassitude, could not take pleasure in any of his usual occupations, and slept but little at night.

He resolved at length to consult a physician, a man of reputation, but to whom he was usually personally unknown. From him he would obtain a candid opinion as to his state of health, unbiassed by any considerations in regard to the "supernatural visitation," as he esteemed it, of the ill-omened white pigeon. Professor Nunn had freely given his diagnosis, unasked and without a fee—"pigeon-on-the-brain"—"a clear case of white-feather"—and had prescribed a grain or two of common-sense and a little more English spirit, though he did not say where the mixture was to be made up.

Mr. Newton carried out his intention, described his symptoms, and waited anxiously to hear Dr. Weaver's opinion of him. The doctor examined his heart and applied an instrument of recent invention to his pulse. It occurred to Mr. Newton as he watched the process that he had something of the same kind in his own observatory for testing the force and direction of earthquakes; but he had never looked at his seismometer with half the interest that he now experienced while watching Dr. Weaver's sphygmograph.

The indications of the latter were much more pronounced than the astronomer had ever seen them on his own instrument, though that had been more than usually sensitive of late, in conse-

quence of the great increase of heavy traffic on the roads near the observatory.

"You are very nervous," the doctor said, "very nervous. Your heart stops and goes on again."

"Does it indeed?" the patient answered, and then waited, dreading to hear what might come next.

"Mere nervousness—nothing else."

Then Dr. Weaver plied him with questions, to which his patient could give no satisfactory answer.

"You are very nervous," he said again, and after looking at him long and earnestly went on, "Have you been subject to any particular anxiety or trouble of late?"

Mr. Newton hesitated, but at length faltered out "No."

"Quite sure?" the doctor asked, gently. He thought perhaps that his patient might be in business, and that things were not going well with him, and, like many other kind-hearted men of his profession, was doubtful about receiving the guinea or two which would presently be offered as his fee.

"Quite sure," Mr. Earle replied.

"Then I am afraid I cannot do much for you," said the doctor; "but you really have nothing the matter with you. You must get over this nervousness, and will soon be well."

Then he wrote a prescription, in return for which Mr. Newton-Earle, by way of repudiating the suggestion that his worldly affairs were not prospering, gave him a five-pound note, and with a stiff bow left the room. His liberality had a contrary effect to that which he had intended. Dr. Weaver was a man of much experience, and concluded that his patient was a speculator, dealing in large sums of money, and living in constant excitement. Such men are careless and lavish in their expenditure, and especially so when they have most need to be careful.

Mr. Newton turned from the physician's door relieved and comforted. He was free from disease; the palpitations he had experienced were of no consequence; there was absolutely nothing the matter with him. He must get over this nervousness, this constant feeling of apprehension, as the doctor had said. He would shake it off at once; his life was as good a life as any one's; there was no reason why he should not reach the allotted three score years and ten, like other people. But "three score and ten" was a scriptural expression. He laughed within himself as he thought of that, but the anxious look which had become usual to him passed over his features the next moment. Perhaps it occurred to him that there might be something in Holy Scripture after all, and if so the three score years and ten would not really be the end of life, but the beginning of another and more important existence. He dismissed that idea promptly. Strange that he could so easily overcome his occasional fits of nervousness on the weighty question of eternal happiness or woe, while suffering so much idle apprehension about the events of time. He soon began to recover his spirits. There was no immediate cause for anxiety. He was all right. He should live and cheat the omen. The seismo-

meter, as he termed it, had, it is true, drawn an uneven chart of his progress through the short interval of time during which it had been applied, and, but for Dr. Weaver's assurance that its eccentricities were due to nervousness alone, he might have had serious cause for alarm. But there was no reason, the doctor had said, why his pulse should not continue to beat through another twenty years. Seventy per minute, that was its normal pace—four thousand or more per hour; upwards of a hundred thousand a day; thirty-seven millions in a year! Thirty-seven millions! Mr. Newton-Earle was quick at figures, and reckoned it up in round numbers as he walked along. The thought was astounding. The heart was only a kind of force-pump, a thing of cisterns and valves. Was it not marvellous that such a machine, formed of no tougher materials than flesh and muscle, should go on working at this rate, and without a moment's pause for rest or repairs, giving seventy strokes per minute—thirty-seven millions per year, for three score years and ten? Thousands of millions of heart-throbs in one man's lifetime! If any one had told him of such a thing he would not have believed it. Yet he was himself a living example of it, or hoped to be; and the same might be said of every man, woman, and child of the crowd which jostled him, as he walked on through London streets, absorbed in his own meditations and with his eyes fixed upon the pavement.

Then the idea struck him, comparing these countless movements of his own little heart, shut up in his own little bosom, with the immeasurable space into which he was accustomed to gaze up, every day and night through his telescopes, that if it were possible for any one to start as a newborn infant from this terminus—earth—on a journey to one of the fixed stars, by an express train, travelling at the rate of a mile for every heart-throb, he would not reach it, nor perhaps arrive appreciably nearer to it, at the end of his three score years and ten. Thousands of millions of miles are nothing in the space which surrounds our globe. The sun which, at the distance of ninety-five millions, looks to us like a disc of fire, is but a speck of light, invisible perhaps to the naked eye, viewed from those planets which surround the fixed stars, if indeed there be any planets surrounding them, any naked eyes inhabiting them, or any telescopes to help their nakedness.

"It is very wonderful," said Mr. Newton-Earle to himself; "very wonderful when one comes to think of it. A mile at every pulsation, and without any stoppages, and yet far distant still from the journey's end, after seventy years of travel. And all those stars, with their planets, moving in their accustomed order, like my pulse, only more evenly; all going their rounds in harmony and in sympathy, obeying the same laws, like my pulse again, without knowing how or why."

The how or why might have exercised his thoughts, as a philosopher, more seriously than they did. What was it that kept his pulse going? and by whom were those planets propelled? It was a comparison of small things with great; but

he had no more control over the ceaseless throb which sustained him in his little and uncertain orbit—no more power to keep the pulse going, though contained within his own person—than he had over the stars and planets in their wide and undeviating flight.

If Mr. Newton-Earle had heard of a piece of machinery being produced in one of the London workshops, which, by a combination of leathern cisterns and valves, would have gone on working for a period of seventy years, opening and shutting, and exerting its hydraulic force thousands of millions of times upon an impulse unseen, incomprehensible, yet well sustained and never halting (a halt would be fatal), he would have gone at once to look at the wonderful piece of mechanism, and having read the name of its inventor and maker engraved upon it, would have lost no time, as a lover of science, in seeking him at his workshop and making his acquaintance.

Yet the maker of this wonderfully active and durable mechanism which he carried about with him, or rather which carried him about and kept him in life, was unknown to him. He did not look for the name upon the apparatus—he had no desire to know Him.

Perhaps, however, that would be saying too much. Some day or other, Mr. Newton may have believed or hoped, by the advance of science and philosophy the mystery of man's existence and of the universe itself would be solved. They would get to the bottom of it all by-and-by. The throne of the great Architect and Engineer would be exposed to view, and "measured by algebraic rules." The light of increasing knowledge would be brought to bear upon it, and everything explained by diagram and experiment in the lecture-room. Men of science would then have it in their power to criticise the laws which now they can only observe; they would argue with their Maker and say, Why hast Thou made us thus? They might point even to some defect in their own personal development, if one may hint at such a possibility—some error which might have been avoided, or some fault which might have been repaired.

Yes. Some day or other the march of intellect would perhaps reach so far as to leave nothing undiscovered or unknown, and men would be as gods, knowing all things.

Some day? But what would that avail to Mr. Newton-Earle? It could hardly come in his time: his days were numbered. So many thousands of millions of pulsations were but a short time, a very short time, compared with the duration of inanimate things and of the stars and planets. If three score years and ten were indeed the limit there would soon be an end of him; the stars would go on in their courses; the telescopes even would remain; but the mind and spirit which could observe and reason upon them would be no more. Could it be indeed that the life of man was really of so much shorter duration than these inanimate things? or was this for him only the beginning?

Certainly those who hoped for a future existence, with a full assurance of faith, had a better pros-

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pect before them, even as men of science, than the philosopher who could not or would not look beyond the present life. They might see what he could not; they might understand what never could enter into his heart to conceive. They might feast their eyes and their souls throughout eternity with the marvellous handiwork of the Creator in things both great and small, seeing all that is now invisible, admiring the perfect harmony and beauty that is over all His works, understanding all that is beyond our present comprehension, enjoying with enlarged faculties and powers the whole scope and glory of the universe, even as He who made it sees and delights in it.

"Well," said Newton to himself, at length, "I must be satisfied, I suppose, with my allotted span. I am a sound man, that is my comfort. I may live my time out—some twenty years or more, at any rate; the cisterns and valves will last as long as that."

Quickening his step with a feeling of rejuvenescence, he ran nimbly across the street. Not so nimbly, however, but that a hansom cab, coming round the corner still more rapidly, struck him on the shoulder, twisted him violently round, and threw him bruised and half stunned upon the pavement. Even as he fell one thought flashed like lightning across his mind—"the white pigeon!"



AS HE FELL ONE THOUGHT FLASHED ACROSS HIS MIND—"THE WHITE PIGEON!"

#### CHAPTER XXI.—DO YOU REMEMBER?

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace,  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

—Coleridge.

"SO the omen did mean something after all," said Montague Keates, with more seriousness of tone than was usual with him. "I laughed at Mr. Newton and his white pigeon, and so did everybody else almost; but it turns out to be no laughing matter."

He was speaking to Herr Pracht and to Adrien Brooke at their lodgings, to which he had accompanied his tutor after his morning's work was over. He often walked home with him; it was good exercise and good company for the boy, and gave him opportunity also of spending an hour or two in the observatory, to which both he and Adrien had free access. They were talking of the accident which had befallen Mr. Newton-Earle, as described

in our last chapter. The astronomer had been brought home in a cab, bruised and shaken; the doctor had been sent for, and Digweed, in answer to inquiries at the gate, had given a gloomy account of his master's condition. Of course, it was all plain now what the bird had come for, Digweed said; Mr. Newton had received his deathblow, and would never overget it. Mrs. Digweed, with a grim satisfaction, confirmed her husband's opinion; she had talked the matter over with the housekeeper, and had heard all that everybody had to say about it in the servants' hall.

"I don't think Mr. Newton is much hurt," Adrien said. "People are apt to exaggerate these things. We will go to the house presently and ask how he is getting on."

"Sit down first and have some luncheon," said Herr Pracht; "it is on table ready."

They did as he invited them.

"Talking of pigeons," said Adrien, "this is a very good pie."

"Yes," said Montague; "first-rate."

"I am glad you like it," Pracht replied. "Will you not eat a little more?"

Monty held out his plate, and the dish was very soon empty. Nothing but a few slender bones and some bird's claws remained to testify of what had been.

"So much for the omen," said Pracht, gravely, when they had done.

"The omen! What do you mean?"

"What I mean? You have eaten him—swallowed him! I hope he will not disagree."

"Eaten the omen?"

"Yes, certainly; I caught him at my window. I saw him come three days ago from the observatory. I catch him, I twist his neck; then I had him pluck, and pined him, together with a companion which I bought from Bowles', the poultry shop where he himself belong. The white pigeon which frighten Mr. Newton had escape from Bowles—the man Bowles declare it."

"You don't mean to say that we have eaten the banshee!"

"I cannot say whether it was she or he," said Pracht; "it does not signify. But yes, you have eaten him; yes, it is true. But I hope he will not disagree."

The expression of Adrien's face, and of Montague's especially, augured ill for the fulfilment of Herr Pracht's humane hope. Adrien was pale, and looked annoyed. Montague put his hand to his breast as if in pain. After a few moments, however, Adrien, thinking it best to make light of the business, gave vent to an incipient laugh; and Monty, who never could resist that infection, joined him; and then they laughed together so that it would have done Mr. Newton good if he could have heard them.

"He will never frighten any one else," said Monty. "I'll go and tell Mr. Newton we have eaten him."

And then they laughed again, louder than before, while Herr Pracht, who had prepared their repast in perfect good faith, and without the slightest idea of its being in questionable taste, if properly made and seasoned, lighted his pipe and wondered what they could find to amuse them.

"We are forgetting Mr. Newton," said Adrien, presently. "His accident was real, whether the pigeon had anything to do with it or not. Let us go now and inquire for him."

Disregarding Digweed's sinister account of his master, they passed through the gate and proceeded to the house, where Adrien sent in his name, with a message of inquiry, to Miss Earle. They had called at the door once before, and had seen only the housekeeper, but now they were invited to enter, and Adrien waited with a fluttering heart, hoping that Miss Earle might come herself to tell him of her father. He was not disappointed. Marian presently entered the room, and, offering him her hand, thanked him for his kind inquiries. Her father had quite recovered from the consequences of his fall. He seemed to be still a little out of health, but not more so than before the accident.

"The doctor says he is nervous," Marian said. "We never considered him so, but—I suppose you have heard what people are saying about that white pigeon which came to my father's window? It gets to my father's ears and seems to trouble him."

"The white pigeon?"

"Yes. The pigeon itself is gone, I am glad to say; it has not been seen for some days."

"It will never be seen again," said Adrien.

"I hope not. He seemed to take it very much to heart."

Monty here began to laugh, but restrained himself and looked preternaturally grave.

"Of course, it is very absurd," said Marian, smiling, "but you have not the same reason for feeling as my father did about that bird."

Monty thought he had reason enough, if he could have ventured to say so. Mr. Newton had never felt the pigeon as *he* did at that moment; it was nearer his own heart just then than it had ever been to the astronomer's. After one or two little squeaks of suppressed laughter he got up suddenly and left the room.

"You must excuse him," said Adrien; "he is but a boy."

"It is very natural," Marian answered. "I do not blame him. But, Mr. Brooke, there is really a tradition in our family about an omen of this kind. There may not be much foundation for it, but it is said that a white pigeon has more than once appeared to members of our family when some fatality was about to happen. And however foolish it may seem, one cannot help feeling a little uneasy under the circumstances."

"I can quite sympathise with you," said Adrien. "It may be only an accident, or even a series of accidents, to which one ought not to attach any importance, but it is difficult to reason upon a subject of that kind."

"You are, of course, superior to such alarms," said Marian.

"No," he answered, "not entirely."

He paused and looked at Marian, whose eyes were directed to the ground.

"No," he resumed, with hesitation; "I have reason to think seriously—that is to say, there are some painful events in my own experience which have been vividly recalled to memory by this incident of the white dove and its appearance here. If such things belong to families at all they are not confined to yours, Miss Earle."

Marian looked up, listening attentively, but did not speak.

"Some years ago," Adrien said, "I experienced a great sorrow, the loss of a mother, the only parent I had ever known. A few hours before her death a white pigeon came to her window. I took it in, fed it, and fondled it. There were other pigeons in the neighbourhood which came occasionally, and I should have thought nothing of this one coming as it did if it had not been for the effect it produced upon our attendant. She had been my nurse from infancy, and was deeply interested in everything that concerned us. When she saw the white pigeon she seemed to give up all hope of my dear mother's recovery. She told me afterwards that she knew it was come as a warning. It entered the room and sat upon my dear mother's bed at the moment of her death. There was nothing extraordinary about it after all, but I could not help being impressed with Thérèse's words and manner, and have never forgotten it."

"Poor boy!" said Marian, in a tone of the deepest sympathy. She also had lost her mother

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when a child. "Poor boy!" she repeated, clasping her hands—thinking perhaps more of her own loss than of his.

"Yes," said Adrien, after a pause; "yes, I was but a boy then. My home was in Paris. I was left alone, or nearly so. I was in great trouble. You see what thoughts are brought back to me by the accident—for of course it is nothing else—of this bird's visit."

Marian did not speak; Adrien's eyes were fixed upon her face, and from her heightened colour she seemed to be conscious of it; but she did not look at him.

"Do you remember that time, Miss Earle?" he went on. "You also were then in France. Do you remember the boy—the boy for whom you just now expressed such gentle pity—do you remember seeing him and speaking to him at Abbeville, at the railway station?"

Marian bent her head in acknowledgment. It was plain that she remembered all about her former meeting with Adrien, and did not need to be reminded of it. But he wanted to hear her say so.

"Do you recollect it, Miss Earle?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said; "I remember you very well, Mr. Brooke."

"Did you recognise me when we met again that day when I came here by your father's invitation to read his letters?"

"Yes," she replied; "I knew you immediately. Of course you were much altered; but I should have remembered your name, at all events."

"My name? where and how had you heard it?"

Marian did not like to remind him of the police report in the daily papers, in which both Christian and surname had been given. "Adrien Brooke, a youth of foreign appearance, but calling himself an Englishman, etc." She therefore left his question unanswered.

She must have been thinking of me, inquiring about me, else how could she have learnt my name? Adrien said to himself, with a feeling of delight.

"You knew my name, then," he said; "and I knew only your initials. More than that I could not discover, though I tried every means I could think of. It was the merest chance that brought me here. If I could have searched all over England I might not have found you; yet I always hoped, I always felt that we should meet again. Chance! No; I do not believe in chance. It was not without direction and design that I came hither."

"I think," said Marian, rising, "that I had better go to my father; he may perhaps require me. Good morning, Mr. Brooke."

And with a hasty step, and a perhaps rather distant bow, she quitted the room.

Adrien stood looking after her as one roused from a dream. He was conscious now of an earnestness, a tenderness, even in his voice and manner while speaking to Marian, which she could hardly have failed to notice. She also had spoken feelingly. The exclamation that had fallen

from her lips, "Poor boy!" betrayed, so he imagined, a sympathy for himself personally, rather than for the stranger of whom his story had told. She had known his name, too, from the first, apparently. Where had she learnt it? He had left her no memorial of himself like the handkerchief with the initials which had remained with him; yet she had discovered his name. She had recognised him, too, the first time he came to Newton House; yet she had treated him as a stranger, had avoided him, as he fancied, and had now turned away from him abruptly. Was she offended? No; he did not think so. She had suffered him to go on for some time speaking, warmly and earnestly, as he now felt that he had done, before putting an end to the interview. No, she was not offended. Adrien Brooke could not have felt so happy, so elated, as he opened the door and let himself out of the house, if there had been any question of offence. Marian had omitted to ring the bell for a servant to open the door for him. He was glad of that; he did not want to be exposed to any one's eyes at that moment; glad also because it showed that Marian's thoughts, like his own, were preoccupied. If she had been offended with him she would not have forgotten to have him shown to the door with all due ceremony. No, she was not offended.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—SERIOUS!

Fain would I woo her; yet I dare not speak.

—Shakespeare.

ADRIEN walked dreamily towards the lodge, and had almost reached it before he remembered that Montague Keates had come with him to the house, and was somewhere about the premises waiting for him. He turned back to look for him, but being still occupied with his own thoughts he did not go to the observatory, but lingered in the garden among the shrubs, and found himself, at length, in that dark walk which had been the scene of Professor Nunn's declaration to Marian.

Montague had more than once described to him the event which he had witnessed, amusing himself very much with the professor's appearance as he pressed Marian's hand to his lips and looked up into her face through his spectacles. Adrien had been angry with the professor, and scarcely less so with Montague for treating the subject so lightly and making a joke of it, but had dissembled his feelings. Now, however, the whole scene recurred to him, just as it had been described; and the thought of Professor Nunn paying his addresses to Marian, kissing her fair hand and asking her to be his wife, filled him with indignation and dismay. Marian had, of course, refused him, there could not be a doubt about that; though, by the way, the very expression "no doubt" always implies a doubt, and Adrien could not but feel that he had no means of knowing with certainty what Marian's answer to Professor Nunn had been. The professor himself did not seem to know it. But even on the supposition that he had been refused, the position which he held, and his constant and familiar visits to the



observatory, gave him an immense advantage as a suitor over every one else. Already the professor seemed to look upon the observatory and all that it contained as his own; not only so, but Mr. Newton-Earle appeared to recognise his claim, submitting to his wishes on every question, and giving him *carte blanche* as to the instruments. That might be only because Professor Nunn was a master of the science and Mr. Newton merely a dabbler; but for that same reason the latter might be glad to have a man of such distinction and so useful for a son-in-law. But Marian? No; Adrien could not think for a moment that she could care for Professor Nunn; there could be no romance in such an attachment; the very thought of such a thing was ridiculous. But lovers' doubts and fears are not to be controlled by reason. Adrien was very jealous of Professor Nunn, whatever he might say or think about his eccentricities.

Yet what difference could it make to him whether the professor were accepted as a suitor for Marian—and the observatory—or not? What hope was there for Adrien Brooke that he could ever aspire to such a position? What was he, what were his prospects in life, that he should dream of marrying Mr. Newton-Earle's daughter? What would be thought of him if he should endeavour to gain her affections? He had charged the professor, in his own mind, with wanting to "marry the observatory," yet the observatory was but a small part of Mr. Newton's property. He was a wealthy man; the building leases brought him in a large and constantly increasing revenue. Was it likely that an adventurer like himself would be allowed to take advantage of an accident which had made his visits useful in the observatory to gain possession of so rich a prize as the daughter and sole heiress of the house?

Yet, on the other hand, why should mere worldly wealth, whatever its amount, be allowed to stand between him and Marian, if she really loved him? He did not want Mr. Newton's money; he could do very well without it; even the observatory was of no consequence to him. He had already begun to earn a fair income as an author, and did not doubt that in time he should be able to make good his position as a member of the bar. Marian, if she loved him, would not require—

Ah, but did she love him? Would she love him? Thus he found himself again romancing, jumping with a lover's eagerness to conclusions for which there was as yet but the very slenderest foundation, and alternately lifted up to the heavens with the ecstasy of hope, or cast down into the mire of doubt and discontent.

How the time passed while occupied with these meditations he did not know. Montague's voice, calling him by name, roused him from his reverie. He did not want to be caught in the dark walk as the professor had been; so, making his escape quickly, he went to meet his pupil.

"Where have you been?" they asked each other simultaneously.

"In the observatory," Montague replied. "The professor has been talking to me and showing me a lot of things. I like him so much."

"Like him? You never used to think much of him."

"No; but I did not know him. I am sorry I ever laughed at him; he is so clever and so kind. I helped him a little with something that he wanted done, and he was so pleased that he gave himself no end of trouble to make me understand all about the stars and everything. I like him so much; don't you?"

Adrien assented generally, but his look did not express any particular fondness for the professor.

"I shall be jealous of him," he said, presently, "if you say much more."

Montague looked at him inquiringly to see whether or not he were in earnest.

"Jealous on *your* account, I mean," Adrien said, hastily, fearing that he had been misunderstood.

"On my account? Oh, no; because, of course, though I like the professor in the observatory, you know, I should not like to go about with him and to be with him constantly, as I am with you."

There was comfort for Adrien in those words, so naturally and heartily spoken. Marian's father and even Marian herself might like Professor Nunn in the observatory, as Monty Keates did; but neither of them, perhaps, would wish to go about with him and to be always in his company. The science of the stars was one thing; the mysterious instincts and impulses of loving hearts another.

"You need not be jealous on my account," Montague repeated, with a serious air, "if that's all."

That was not quite all, but Adrien did not say so.

"And as for Miss Earle," he went on, "I don't see why she should want to marry the professor. She likes him, I dare say, when he talks to her about the stars and the comets and shows her the volcanoes in the moon, but I was surprised to hear that—"

"That what?"

"That she was likely to marry him."

"You heard that?"

"Yes."

"From whom?"

"From Professor Nunn himself."

"Did he tell you so in so many words?"

"Why, no; but he appeared to think so himself, and he said something like it."

Adrien's heart seemed to leap up suddenly, and then went on with loud and quick pulsations which he could feel and hear. He wanted to be told more, and would have asked a multitude of questions; but his voice failed him.

Monty looked up at him and seemed to understand his silence.

"But if he is counting upon what took place in the dark walk, I think he must be mistaken," he said.

Adrien shook his head. He could not yet trust himself to speak, but he thought it impossible for any one to be really mistaken on such a question. If there had been any doubt about it he must have found an opportunity to set the doubt at rest before now.

"What—what—did—he—say?" Adrien asked at last, speaking slowly to conceal his emotion.

"He was talking about my having come upon him suddenly that day, *gelido in nemore*, as he called it, and then went off into a discussion about the sacred groves of the ancients in which there were altars, and so on."

"What did he say about the altars?"

"I don't remember that; but somehow it led to altars in churches, and so to marriages and the way they are celebrated now. And he seemed in a very good humour and very much pleased, and said it ought to be the happiest day of a man's life, if only he could be sure how it would turn out afterwards."

"He said that? Then of course he does not love her—the old—"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; go on."

"He said he hoped I had not mentioned to any one what took place in the shady walk. It would all be known soon, no doubt, but he did not want to have it talked about before the time. And he said a great deal more about Marian—how clever she was, and how nicely she wrote down his notes from dictation, and what a prize she would be to any one devoted like himself to science, and—oh, I can't remember any more, except that he

turned away and said the time would soon come now, and it was serious, and he must begin to make preparations."

"Preparations—for what—marriage?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Stop a bit, though. He had a slip of paper in his hand, and was doing something with the transit-glass, and looking at a list of the stars; and he went from one thing to another and back again so rapidly that I hardly knew what he was talking about. He spoke of Marian and Canicula, and of Una and the lion; and then said two or three times over that it was serious—serious—serious—as if talking to himself."

"Canicula—serious—?" said Adrien; "perhaps he meant *Sirius*; that's the dog-star; he was talking to me about *Sirius* the other day, wanting to see a little star that may sometimes be observed near it."

"Then that was what he meant, I dare say," said Montague. "One never knows whether Professor Nunn is talking about the earth or the skies; he goes from one thing to another and back again, so that you can't tell where he is."

Adrien said no more, but pondered in his mind anxiously all the rest of the day whether the professor's serious and immediate preparation was for matrimony or only for the dog-star.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THE University of Edinburgh is about to hold its Tercentenary festival with great pomp and ceremony. The high and long established reputation of this seat of learning, and its wide influence as a school of the arts and sciences, give to the event a national importance. We may even speak of it as an event of international interest, for no University has so many alumni and graduates in every region of the world. The number of students matriculated this session was 3,396. Of these about one half attended the classes in the Faculty of Arts and Philosophy, a large proportion of them with the intention of proceeding to the classes for professional education. Edinburgh is the only school of Law in Scotland; it is one of the chief schools of Divinity; and it is far the first school of Medicine in the kingdom, and, in fact, in the world. The University has attained to this eminence, and acquired this influence, with little Government aid, and with very scanty endowment. It is only since 1858 that it has possessed a Constitution worthy of the name, and that funds have flowed into its treasury such as older Universities have enjoyed from remote times. All the more is it to the honour of Scotland and its ancient capital that this once humble College has gained a place among the foremost Universities of Christendom. In anticipation of the Tercentenary festival, Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal, has published a history of the University, for which he has long

been gathering materials.\* It is a large work in two learned volumes, full of matter useful for reference, and essential for a historical record, but also containing a good deal that has slight interest for outside readers.

For instance, there is a very copious narrative of the long conflict between the Town Council of Edinburgh, the original patrons and governors of the College, and the *Senatus Academicus*, or body of professors, who claimed a larger amount of "home rule" as their numbers increased and as the scope of Academic education extended. All that we need to say about this is, that in the early times of the College the Town Council was far the most suitable public body to be entrusted with the management of a school of learning on which the prosperity of their city and the honour of their country so much depended. And in the matter of patronage it is admitted on all hands that, on the whole, it was exercised in a way that conduced to the welfare and fame of the University. It was under the old civic regime, established by the Royal Charter three hundred years ago, that the "*Academia Jacobi Sexti*" rose to eminence among schools of learning.

A large part of Sir Alexander Grant's first volume is occupied by the story of the older

\* "The Story of the University of Edinburgh during its first Three Hundred Years," by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University. Longmans. 2 vols.

Scottish Universities, St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, which had their beginning in Ante-Reformation times. Their original aims being mainly connected with the arrangements and duties of the Church of Rome, it seemed well to describe their constitution and early history in order better to understand the ideas and conditions under which the newer College of Edinburgh was

every parish, but also a grammar-school or gymnasium in every town, and urged that the Universities should be re-formed on the pattern of those in lands which had received the Reformation. He died before his noble views were realised, but his successor, James Lawson, who had taught both at St. Andrew's and on the Continent, became the most active promoter of the



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

founded. This was wholly a child of the Renaissance and the Reformation. It never was a mere ecclesiastical corporation as the others were. In olden times the clergy engrossed the highest places in the State as well as the Church. While the Universities were mainly founded for training the youth to the ritual services in which most of them were to be engaged, some secular branches of learning were added in order to qualify for civil offices. When the time of Reformation came, the Church, although deprived of its patrimony by the rapacity of the nobles and courtiers, did not abandon the cause of education. One of the earliest manifestoes of the Reformed Church in Scotland, known as the "First Book of Discipline," gave a scheme which, if it had been carried out, would have proved a prodigious advance in the course of philosophical and general study; embracing not only the old curriculum of Logic and Dialectics, Ethics and Physics, but also Mathematics, Politics, municipal as well as Roman Law, Greek and Hebrew, Medicine, and, above all, Theology, chiefly as based on the Scriptures. The bishops, who still sat in the Scottish Parliament, prevented this scheme from being carried out. But throughout the nation the new desire for sound learning was spreading, and especially in Edinburgh, where John Knox led the way in educational progress. He desired that there should not only be a primary school in

design for rebuilding the High School, and for founding a College at Edinburgh. In Sir Alexander Grant's book the whole story is given of the foundation, and of the Charter granted by King James VI, who was ambitious to appear as the promoter of learning, and who vested the patronage and government in the magistrates of the City, partly perhaps because he thought they would be pliable to his will.

Their first appointment was peculiarly happy. Mr. Robert Rollock, a man of strong intellect, large erudition, and a most Christian spirit, was appointed Principal, a post which he held till 1599, when he died at the early age of forty-three. He lived long enough to give the right direction and tone to the new institution, which continued to grow and flourish even amidst the most troubled times of the seventeenth century. In the period of greatest political and ecclesiastical disturbance, from 1653 to 1662, the office of Principal was honoured by being held by Archbishop Leighton, who discharged its duties so as highly to promote the prosperity of sound learning and genuine piety.

The Principal in those times was assisted by Regents, teachers who conducted their pupils through the whole course of study then required before they became masters of arts. The Regents were selected from the *Magistri artium*, who then were divided into *Magistri Regentes* and *Non-Regentes*. The students of the first year, commenc-

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ing in October and continuing for a year, with only one month of vacation, were called Bajans, a designation which has much puzzled etymologists. Some say it is from the French *bas gens*, and others from *bec jaune*, as if applied to fledgelings in literature. But the more probable derivation is the Latin *pagani*, rustics needing culture or humanisation, although enlisted among the *cives academici*. The students of the second year continuing under the same Regent or tutor were called the *semi* class, or the *semi-bachelors*. The third year left them as *bachelors*, and the fourth year they reached the higher dignity of *magistrands*, because they were aspiring to the title of *magistri* at the close of the session.

How this tutorial system came gradually to be supplanted by the appointment of professors for special subjects, to which they confined their teaching; how the study of mathematics and natural philosophy grew in importance after the Baconian system superseded the old routine of scholastic learning; how the classes of law and divinity were adapted to new conditions of society; and especially how the medical faculty rose in importance and efficiency; these and other chapters in the story of the University are fully detailed in the Principal's book.\*

Two or three historical facts will suffice to show the eminence and success of the teaching, both theoretical and practical, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

David Gregory was the first in any University to give public lectures on Newton's Principia, and this thirty-five years before the new philosophy was taught at Cambridge. His successor, Colin McLaurin, carried on the class on the same system, and being also a man of very wide culture, having studied divinity and medicine as well as physical science, he became the life and soul of the University. Being intimate with the chief physicians of the town, he was asked to fill the post of secretary to "The Society for Improving Medical Science." After editing their Transactions for some time, he induced them to enlarge their scope so as to include all branches of physical research, and the title of the association was changed to that of "The Philosophical Society," which in later generations became "The Royal Society of Edinburgh." He was not only a brilliant and popular lecturer, but very practical in his teaching, in proof of which it is recorded that in the war preceding the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, nine-tenths of the engineers of the British army were Scottish officers, chiefly the pupils of McLaurin.

The names of Matthew Stewart, Dugald Stewart, Ferguson, Robison, Playfair, Tytler, Principal Robertson; and in the medical school, of the Monros, the Gregories, Black, Cullen, Rutherford, Whytt, Duncan, are among those who sustained the fame of the University, and attracted students from all parts of the world.

The prosperity increased till the old buildings were too strait for the crowd of occupants, and had to give place to the new edifice, which in less than a century has again proved insufficient for the requirements of teaching. And this, although it is merely class-room accommodation that has to be provided, for there has been no provision for residence of students or teachers, except in the very earliest years of the College.

The great development of science in every branch in recent times, and, above all, the need of enlarged facilities for medical studies, led to the demand for new buildings. The Infirmary having been rebuilt on a large scale and on a better site, the removal of the whole Medical School to an adjoining site seemed to be advisable. A legacy of £20,000 from Sir Richard Baxter, of Montrose, started the fund for the new edifice. A public subscription, headed by the Duke of Buccleuch with £2,000, amounted to £60,000. The design of the architect, Mr. Anderson, required nearly four times this sum, his estimate being £230,500. The Duke of Buccleuch again generously and liberally headed a new subscription, and also obtained by his influence with Lord Beaconsfield the promise from the Government of £80,000 if the subscriptions should reach £100,000. This was soon effected, but the original design included a University Hall, which remains in abeyance.

When the new Medical School is open it will be close to one of the largest hospitals in Europe, where the more varied clinical instruction will be afforded. "But," adds Sir Alexander Grant, "as yet a great gulf still separates the University from the fruition of its long-cherished desire for an Academic Hall—a gulf only to be spanned by a golden bridge of £70,000." The money will no doubt be provided in time, but a regret may be permitted that the Hall is to be connected with the new edifice of the Medical School instead of with the general Academic buildings. Is it not possible, in these days of "Crystal Palaces," to utilise part of the Quadrangle, as was done at the British Museum in forming the grand Reading-room?

Contemporaneous with the liberal flow of money for the buildings of the University, there has been an outburst of liberality also for the endowment of study. The splendid appearance of the new University at Glasgow had no doubt some influence in stirring up the emulation of old Edinburgh alumni as to the buildings. But the munificence of the benefactions for learning is almost a new feature in Scottish history. During the two hundred and eighty years which ended with 1862 only two chairs were founded by private liberality, those of Agriculture and of Music. In twenty years subsequent to 1862 no less than seven new chairs have been founded from private sources. The University cannot yet vie with those of Paris, Berlin, and other Continental schools. But compared with other Scottish Universities Edinburgh is now well supplied, having altogether thirty-eight professors, seventeen attached to the Faculty of Arts, twelve to that of Medicine, five to the Faculty of Laws, and four to that of Divinity. The total amount of the benefactions from private sources during the last

\* Much is said by Sir Alexander Grant about the uses and the abuses of the terms College and University. The use of the word *Academia* was conveniently ambiguous in former times, but the word University, according to every interpretation of it—whether as embracing the universality of subjects, or as possessing the power of conferring degrees, or as implying numbers, wealth, and influence—has long been applicable to the *Academia Edinensis*.

twenty years, Sir Alexander Grant says, "is considerably understated as follows:—"

For Scholarships . . .	£142,000
For Bursaries . . .	90,000
For Professorships . . .	58,000
For Increased Salaries . . .	18,000
For Buildings . . .	130,000
Miscellaneous . . .	14,000

This is in addition to the £80,000 granted by the Government as subsidy for the buildings.

As the students have increased from about 1,500 to nearly 3,400 since 1862, it may be truly said that since the new Constitution came into operation the prosperity of the University has been constantly advancing "by leaps and bounds." Whether there has been proportionate increase in the fame and the usefulness of the University as a whole there may be some question. It is in the Medical School principally that the increase of numbers has been so marked, while the renown of past times in other departments will not easily be equalled in the richer epochs of to-day and the future. Sir Alexander Grant ascribes too much of the increase of students, we think, to the new Constitution. Something surely is due to the general increase of wealth and population, and also to the increased demand for professional men throughout the country and in our colonies. Neither has the establishment of the new system of patronage added materially to the fame of the University. The professors elected by the Town Council in old times were on the whole as efficient and as celebrated as those elected under the new régime. The institution of a General Council has conferred privileges on graduates, notably that of electing a Rector, but it has introduced elements of political and party feeling not known in older times. The substantial excellence of the Edinburgh school depends on the prominence given to the system of professorial teaching, which is unchanged under the new Constitution. The greatest advantage under the Constitution of 1858 is that the governing body has more power to regulate the studies and the graduations. The changes effected by these regulations have had most satisfactory results, both in the increase of teaching power and in the general advance of learning. The foundation of new professorships, and the establishment of far larger endowments, may fairly be ascribed to the wider interest awakened in the University by the new Constitution. The total amount presented to the University during the last twenty years for founding bursaries and scholarships, and otherwise encouraging learning, is not far from £145,000.

Until the enfranchisement of the Universities there was very little known of Academic politics among the students. They never had the privilege of electing a Lord Rector, as those of the older Universities had. Under the new Constitution there have been elections involving political feeling, but it cannot be said that party spirit was the chief influence at work. It was certainly not so in the only two Chancellors yet elected by the General Council. The first was Lord Brougham, who appeared to possess claims of a very special kind, but for which the Duke of Buccleuch, as the

best benefactor in recent times, would have been chosen. Besides his own personal distinction, Brougham's early career at the University and his kinship to Principal Robertson made him a connecting link between old and new epochs. When he delivered his installation address in 1860 he was above eighty, and a remarkable address it was from "the old man eloquent." The election of the Right Hon. John Inglis, Lord Justice-General of Scotland, was also mainly due to personal claims, although a strong effort was made to turn the contest into only a political one. The Lord Justice-General was nominated by a Liberal, and the majority (1,780 against 1,570 for Gladstone) was swelled by not a few who had no sympathy with the Toryism of John Inglis, but who honoured him for his high character, and were grateful for the zealous and wise services rendered by him as Chairman of the Commission by which the new Constitution of the University was established.

The Roll of Rectors also shows that party spirit could not have been the sole element of choice, although the later elections indicate a current that way. The names are Mr. Gladstone, 1859 and 1862; Thomas Carlyle, 1865; Lord Moncrieff, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Lord Derby, Marquis of Hartington, Lord Rosebery, and Sir Stafford Northcote.

But although there were no academic occasions fifty years ago when political feeling could be shown, there was as much interest in public affairs as has ever appeared in subsequent times. The names of Liberal and Conservative were not then known. Whig or Tory were the words, and Radical was a term little known inside the College halls. All Scotland was in those days still heaving with the excitement caused by the Reform movement. The old political system was broken up, a new epoch had begun, and the prevalent tone of academic feeling was in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age.

To the general reader the most interesting portion of Sir Alexander Grant's book is the account of the bygone worthies of the University. Of the principals, professors, and other officials, biographical notices are given. A brief appendix also contains notices of student life at different periods, with mention of some of those students who afterwards rose to greatest eminence. This section might be enlarged with advantage to the popularity and the sale of the book. Among these, in times not remote, are Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Darwin, George Niebuhr, Lord John Russell, William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, and Henry Temple, afterwards Lord Palmerston, who, speaking of his student days, says: "I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In those three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess."

In special departments of study, as in classics and mathematics, the University of Edinburgh may still be unable to compete with older seats of learning, but in the general training of youth in useful knowledge, and qualifying them for the duties of public and professional life, it has no

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superior among the schools of the world. The excellence of its system of education has been well proved, and under the new Constitution it has the power of engrafting more of the tutorial method, or whatever other improvements may be suggested

by the experience of other Universities. Its alumni are prouder than ever of their Alma Mater, and from many a heart, at home and abroad, at this Tercentenary festival, the prayer will go forth, *Floreat Academia Edinensis.*

## CHANCELLOR INGLIS.

### AN EDINBURGH GRADUATION SONG.

THE following song was written some years ago, and sung at the customary festive meeting of the new Graduates in Medicine. Though it bears to be the utterance of a young and newly "capped" M.B., it soon became known as the *jeu d'esprit* of a learned and popular Professor, Dr. Douglas MacLagan. We heard it sung by him with great effect at the last quarterly dinner of the Edinburgh University Club in London, at which he presided. Although now the senior professor in the Medical Faculty, he looked and spoke and sang as if his genial presence would yet cheer many successive meetings of graduates.

(AIR—KATE DALRYMPLE.)

I'm passed, I'm passed,  
And capped at last;  
I'm qualified and free now  
On pasteboard neat,  
Or brass door-plate,  
To write myself M.B. now.  
I'm full of joy  
Without alloy,  
And my whole frame with pleasure tingles,  
Since in gown and in hood,  
I've been capped by the good  
And magic hand of Chancellor Inglis.

How proud my mien  
When I hear the Dean  
Proclaim my name and nation!  
How swells my heart  
When I play my part  
In this great graduation!  
For there's one with a pair  
Of blue eyes fair  
Who from the rest my figure singles,  
And feels as if she  
Were a bit of me,  
When I am capped by Chancellor Inglis.

How pleasant the tap  
Of the velvet cap,  
Which old tradition teaches  
Was made from the rear  
Of a half-used pair  
Of George Buchanan's breeches.  
I don't know well  
If in this tale  
The mythic with historic mingles,  
But the cap is a fact,  
And so is the tact  
Of the erudite hand of Chancellor Inglis.

I yet know not  
Upon what spot  
In practice I may settle,  
Or if folks will see,  
As they ought, in me  
A man of sterling mettle.  
But when the due  
Fees shall accrue,  
And the sovereign with the shilling jingles,  
Its pleasant little chime  
Will recall the time  
Of the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

My future home  
May be in some  
Of England's rich domains now,  
Or in the North  
Beyond the Forth,  
Among the mountain-chains now;  
Or it may be  
The Borders lie,  
'Mong Johnstones, Elliots, Scotts, and Pringles;  
But wherever it be,  
I'll teach them to see  
The worth of a man that was capped by Inglis.

And who can say  
But some fine day  
When practice then increases,  
To my door there may come  
A neat little brougham  
And pair with smartish paces;  
And when folks spy  
My nags go by,  
Their collars, traces, reins, surcingles,  
They'll say, without doubt,  
That's a smart turn-out  
Of the man that was capped by Chancellor Inglis.

And when I may,  
On holiday,  
Enjoy release from duty,  
With a sweet little wife,  
The charm of my life,  
Admiring Nature's beauty;  
Then when we roam  
Away from home,  
In sunny fields or bosky dingles,  
We'll both of us know  
That the pleasure we owe  
To the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

We join heartily in the spirit of the toast which ends the song—"Prosperity to Alma Mater," and "The health of Chancellor Inglis."



## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.



"NATURE HATH FRAMED STRANGE FELLOWS IN HER TIME."

### DOGS UNDERSTANDING LANGUAGE.

WHEN quite young, being very fond of hunting, I procured a brace of fox-hounds, calling one of them Buck and the other Mountain. They were both well trained for the chase, and upon a frosty day in December they had a fox on a large open meadow of some fifty acres, oblong in shape, and were pressing him hard when I came up and got a good shot at him, but failed to bring him down. The fox, when hard pressed, will often make a circuit around a hill or meadow two or three times, and by his movements I thought he was going to do so in this instance. When the dogs came up I said to Mountain: "The fox is coming here again; head him off across lots." He at once stopped his baying and started in a cross-lot course, while Buck pressed him hard in the rear with his usual noise and vigour. In a few minutes it was all over with Reynard, he running almost directly into the dog's mouth, who, in good hound style, finished him at once. During the winter evenings following my neighbours would call in. When I would relate to them the feat of this dog, Mountain would at once jump from the floor, putting his paws into my lap, looking me in the face, seeming to say, "Did I not do it in good style?" At the same time Buck would not pay the least attention to the conversation, but lay quietly on the floor.

Later on in life it became my duty to assist in taking the grand list in my native town, at a time when dogs were put into the list at two dollars each. I had taken the list of a neighbour of mine, when I saw a fine-looking dog lying on the floor,

and on inquiry found he owned him. I then told him it was my duty to put the dog into his list at two dollars. He said he was not able to pay the tax, and was not aware that there was such a law, and would kill the dog that night. The dog left that night and went to a son of his present master in a neighbouring town, and could never be persuaded to return to his former home. After this I owned a little pet dog called Cass, who used to go with me in my trips with a team from town to town, until he got quite old, and I used to shut him up to prevent his going with me, telling him he was too old; but one morning no Cass was to be found on the premises, and I started on my trip over the hills. When away about two miles, I noticed something unusual under my buggy seat, and on inspection found it to be my pet dog Cass. I called him a very bad dog, and told him to come out and take a good whipping. He left the carriage at once, and throughout the entire day kept himself at a good distance from me. The next morning, when I was getting my team out to make one of my trips, Cass was not to be found on the premises. I started, but in passing a long row of sheds attached to a church edifice near my place, out jumped the dog from his hiding-place, and with a few jumps placed himself in the carriage beside me. Who says dogs do not understand our language?—*Boston Journal*.

[We need hardly say that this is from Boston, U.S., not Boston in Old England, where foxes are never shot, and where the dog-tax is not assessed in dollars. The Ettrick Shepherd has recorded many wonderful stories about dogs understanding human speech.]

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## A GREEN LIZARD—TOOKEY.

There is a long dark green lizard found in some of the islands of the East Indian Archipelago which from its peculiar cry of Tookey has been given that name by the inhabitants. The sound it emits is so like a human voice that it might well be taken for one. The Malays have a superstitious dread of this creature, and when they hear its cry believe that some calamity is going to befall them.

Some time ago a ship arrived in a harbour of Sumatra, and having to remain some days the captain and passengers landed and put up at a small hotel. Amongst those who went on shore there happened to be a Captain Tookey. One day after dinner in the captain's room, the guests dispersed, after their repast, to their several avocations; one lit a cigar, others sat down to chess, whilst some went out to explore the island and to search for the beautiful ferns to be found there. Captain Tookey, feeling oppressed with the excessive heat and the fatigues he had undergone, sought his room, and throwing himself on his couch was soon fast asleep. Through his slumber he fancied he heard his own name repeated; half asleep and half awake it sounded mysteriously on his ear, until at length he felt sure he really did hear his name called by some person standing quite close to the open window.

"Tookey!"

"Halloa!"

"Tookey!"

"What do you want?"

"Tookey!"

"Well, here I am."

"Tookey! Tookey!"

"Well, come round to the door, and speak to a fellow decently."

"Tookey!"

Becoming at length exasperated at this reiteration, the captain got up, and seizing a bottle of water, dashed it round the corner of the window whence the intruder on his slumbers seemed to have arrived. He looked about in vain—not a soul was to be seen! He cared not whom he hurt, so angry was he at being disturbed from a refreshing sleep. From time to time the cry of "Tookey!" reached his ears; he no longer heeded it, thinking, perhaps, it was a practical joke sought to be put upon him.

When the company were gathered together in the "captain's room" in the evening he related to them, amid shouts of laughter, the extraordinary behaviour of some one, who woke him up from his slumber by calling him by name and never making his appearance. It was then explained to him that the sound must have issued from the lizard bearing his very name, who that day had so unceasingly tormented him, and very nearly met a premature doom, and that he no doubt had wounded it in retaliation for the annoyance he had caused him. He was quite vexed at his unfounded fit of anger.

"Travellers not only see strange sights, but they hear strange sounds," said his companions; and thereupon they all began to relate their various experiences.

## IS THE MANTIS CARNIVEROUS?

A friend in India, struck with the pretty colours of a large and handsome caterpillar, placed it under a glass shade, where a mantis was already imprisoned. They formed a curious contrast—the fat and the lean—thus confined. The mantis, it is generally supposed, feeds on the juices of the plants to which it resorts, and probably on very minute insects impalpable to our vision. My friend thought no more of her attractive acquisitions until the next morning, when to her surprise the caterpillar had disappeared—the mantis had devoured it!

K.

## LUMINOUS CENTIPEDES.

Some of the members of the centipede tribe that are natives of Britain possess, like the glow-worm, the power of shedding around them a pale phosphorescent light. It was for some time supposed that they shone either because they had been feeding upon glowworms, or because they had crawled over a phosphorescent vegetable substance in a state of decay, of which we have various examples. But it is proved they possess an inherent light. One species remarkable for its brilliancy is the one named *Geophilus subterraneus*, or *Electricus*. The latter specific name is incorrect, for, whatever the cause of the light may be, we cannot believe it is electrical. As with the glow-worm, it is under the control of the insect, and is more noticeable in spring and autumn than at other seasons when centipedes may be unearthed, or observed "on the tramp" at night. During its movements particles of the substance are dropped, leaving a bright trail behind its course.

## SPIDERS AND EARWIGS.

Although the common earwig is innocent of the charge of specially attempting to hide itself in the human ear, it is by habit a lover of dark places, lurking by preference in flowers with many petals, such as dahlias. Now and then it happens that the breezes of autumn dislodge an earwig from some retreat, and throw it upon one of those webs which the common geometric spider spreads freely over garden shrubs. Generally, such an object is not regarded by the spider as wholesome prey; we have never noticed one attempt to suck the juices of an earwig, and if it does not leave the captive to struggle itself free or die in the web, it will remove the threads from the earwig, so that it may drop. In doing this, a spider will be observed to move round the earwig very cautiously, seeming to be fearful of the tail forceps, though they contain no weapon.

## THE BLUE TIT.

Those kindly disposed persons who make a habit of feeding the small wild birds around their houses with crumbs, especially in winter, have occasionally a visit from a little bird with a blue head and brown eyes, and plumage of bluish-black, with some greenish-grey above and beneath. This is the blue tit, which seldom leaves the neighbourhood of the woods and copses when

insects are plentiful there, and if it is found in gardens should be encouraged, since it is a useful species. Sometimes it eats peas and soft fruits, but its favourite food is insects, of which, during the breeding season, every pair of blue tits destroys hundreds daily. They have no song, and flit about in a wavering style, uttering a cry of *tsee, tsee, tsee!* Crumbs do not much tempt them in winter, though bits of fat or suet are acceptable food. A piece of bacon or a candle hung on a tree will bring them in numbers.

#### STRAWBERRY-EATING BEETLES.

The discovery was made almost simultaneously in Britain and in America a few months ago, that a numerous tribe of the ground-beetles are in the habit of devouring the ripe or ripening fruit of the strawberry. These beetles, one of the chief species of which is *Harporus ruficornis*, recently called by our gardeners "Black Bob," lurk in places of concealment during the day, and issue forth at night to do mischief. Hitherto, from their carnivorous habit, these, and most of their brethren, had been deemed worthy of encouragement from the gardener, as it was supposed they killed slugs and other pests of our strawberry-beds, but they now turn out to be very questionable friends. Possibly the beetles have been led to the adoption of vegetable diet because their supply of animal food has run short, or their attacks upon the strawberry in the past have been somehow overlooked.

#### THE VIOLET AND THE ASH.

"By ashen roots the violets blow," writes Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," referring to the indications of Spring that are associated with the month of March. But it does not seem from the observations of botanists that the lowly flower has any partiality for the shade of the tree mentioned. Indeed, Mr. Napier says he has almost invariably found the vicinity of ash-trees detrimental to plants both in woods and fields. Long ago Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, remarked upon the occurrence of the violet under trees:—

"Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot  
Towards the old and still-enduring skies,  
While the low violet thrives at their root."

The species is mostly the dog, or scentless violet (*V. carina*); the scented species (*V. odorata*) prefers hedgerows or grassy patches.

#### A WRECK DISCOVERED BY A DOG.

The brig Emma, Captain White, thirty days from Liverpool, with a cargo of salt, was lost about midnight, November 10th, 1857, at Seal Cove, a small opening three miles north of Flat Rock, ten miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. A heavy swell setting into the bight, the ship became unmanageable, and finally went on shore. The cook, an Italian, jumped overboard with the inten-

tion of saving the crew by means of a rope attached to his person, but the surf on the shore cost the noble fellow his life. The captain and crew succeeded in getting on shore, the vessel parting shortly afterwards. Here we must record one of those instances of sagacity peculiar to the dog, which are much oftener read of than witnessed so near home. A fisherman of the name of Mayo, living near the scene of the wreck, and his two sons, were aroused from sleep by the barking and scratching of their dog outside the door. Supposing some person was lurking around the premises, they got up, when the movements of the animal attracted their attention, and they followed him to the edge of a precipice some seventy feet high, at the foot of which Captain White and his men had landed. This circumstance saved their lives, as it was found necessary to haul them up with ropes, the surf beating so furiously around them as to render their position very precarious.

### April.

THRO' the wood, and thro' the wood,  
I went upon a day  
When all the world looked fair and good,  
And April neared to May.

April airs stole to and fro,  
And stirred the waking leaves,  
And kissed the dear spring flowers that blow  
'Neath grassy forest eaves.

The trees unfurled their fans of green  
On all the branches bare,  
And April skies showed blue between  
The young leaves everywhere.

Not like the sleep of summer skies  
By sleepy south winds swept,  
But clear and soft, as tender eyes  
That have but lately wept.

Thro' the wood, and thro' the wood,  
When April neared to May,  
I wandered in an April mood  
'Twixt sorrowful and gay.

Last year's dead leaves beneath my feet  
Scarce touched my heart with pain,  
For overhead a bird sang sweet,  
"Here's April come again!"

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.



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APRIL SHOWERS.

## ENGLISH HOMES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

### THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

#### IV.—ITS FURNITURE (*continued*).

PASSING from the great hall for the present, we find in records of the period detailed descriptions of summer and winter *parlours*, which show that they were used for the more intimate enjoyments of home, and indicated an increasing appreciation of its comforts. The parlour of Richard Fermor, gentleman,\* contained "a fayre table; two tressils; three joynd formes; a lyttell plaine cubbarde; two turnyde chairs; three lyttell gilt chairs for women, and four foote-stooles; six cushions of tapstre, with armes in the myddes; an old carpet upon the borde, of Turkye saye strypide, two lyttell carpets for cubberdes, one of Turkye makyng, the other of tapestrie; in the chymney two andirons, with a fier-forcke; hangyng about the said perlor on (from?) the seeling two tables (pictures on wood panels) of Lūcrece and Mary Magdalen, and a payr of tables" (for backgammon). The English, who at one time followed the French custom of receiving guests in their bed-chambers, were the first to abolish the usage, and the chamber of "pleasaunce," the privy parlour, the parling-room, as it is variously termed, became an important room of the house. It became the chamber for family seclusion, and we cannot wonder that the owner occasionally partook of a quiet little dinner there in preference to eating it in the larger, barer, and draftier hall. Piers the Ploughman denounces the growing practice of dining in "privy parlors with chimneys," and other writers upheld the old custom and abused the new as effeminate, niggardly, and inhospitable. In the Sloane MSS. the excellent bishop, Grosteste, recommended that all "ete in the hall afore your meyne" (menials) as a custom that should never be abandoned. It was ordained in 1458, in some regulations of the royal household, that the order of "settyng in the Halle be kepte aftir the old custome." Other household books emphasise the rule, and speak feelingly of the difference between the niggardly inner hall, or parlour, with its privacy and seclusion, and the open-handed great hall, where all were welcome. Our kings, until late in the fifteenth century, upheld the custom. Henry VII usually dined in the great hall when at Eltham, and in the Cottonian MSS. is an ordinance for the government of the royal household, published in 1526, complaining that "sundrie nobilmen, gentlemen, and others, doe much delight and use to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the High Chamber." Nevertheless, the private dining-room and parlour triumphed, and their introduction made a revolution in the home-life of the

well-to-do classes, soon to be followed by those below them in the social scale.

Shakespeare has but three allusions to the parlour in the whole of his works. In "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 1, Hero says,

"Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour,"

while Katherine when "tamed" comes obediently to her husband's wish, having left the other wives

"Conferring by the parlour fire."

"We did not gain our fireside without a struggle," says an admirable writer before quoted in these pages. The fact is that the wiseheads looked upon these innovations as most dangerous, and as likely to undermine not merely the constitutions of the people, but the very Constitution itself. We all know that the fireside has its history in our legislative enactments; the *Couvre-feu*, or Curfew-bell, was not confined to England, but was general over Europe in the eleventh century. At the sound of that horrid bell all fires and lights had to be extinguished; in some cities none might leave their homes after it had rung. Woe to any ruler who should attempt to interfere with the liberties of the fireside nowadays!\*

The introduction of the fireplace in anything like its present form was very gradual. The huge wood fire long burned in the centre of the hall, its smoke escaping only partially by a hole in the roof. A nation which had already produced some of the noblest efforts of architecture, blackened the walls of splendid buildings by faulty arrangements for warming them. There are early examples of fireplaces with chimneys in Rochester and Coningsburgh Castles, which have been referred generally to the twelfth century. But that which had been occasional in the castle and the great hall became general when chambers became smaller and cosier. Then the chimney-piece often projected like a canopy over the fireplace, carved or painted with a history, inscribed with mottoes emblazoned with heraldic devices, and supported by beautifully sculptured figures. The mantel-piece or shelf was an after-intro-

\* There is no evidence to show that the *couvre-feu* (cover or extinguish the fire) law originated with the Norman Conqueror although two years after the Conquest he ordained that all people should put out their fires and lights at the eight o'clock bell, and go to bed. The fact is that the practice was common all over civilised Europe. In 1103 Henry I repealed or modified this enactment, but the custom of ringing the bell continued long after this, and, in fact, has not died out yet. It lingered in Newcastle till 1865, and is still common in many parts of the north and elsewhere, the bell being usually rung at 8 p.m., and sometimes at 9 p.m. "Notes and Queries" for October, 1850, gives a list of places where it was still tolled, which includes Winchester, Exeter, Woodstock (Oxon), Chertsey, Waltham-in-the-Wolds (Leicester), Bromyard (Hereford), Blackburn, and Morpeth. At the Duke of Richmond's house at Goodwood, Surrey, are two curfew-bells as old as the Conquest. Shakespeare alludes to the custom in "The Tempest," where "the solemn curfew" is mentioned; and also in "Romeo and Juliet," iv. 4, and "Lear," iii. 1.

\* This example has been selected from a number of others as descriptive of the life of an owner in comfortable, but not extremely wealthy circumstances,—one of the people, in fact.

duction, and is supposed to owe its name to the facility it offered for hanging and drying the clothes of our ancestors. In Elizabethan mansions the chimney-pieces are often elaborate works of art. When mineral fuel supplanted wood a revolution occurred; the firepan or portable basket-grate was first used, which could be placed on the hearth in winter and removed to make place for the "bough-pots," or posies, in summer. These said bough-pots, that is, pots, jars, or boxes of roses or other flowers and fragrant herbs, were older than the portable grate. It was the custom as early as 1511, and probably long before, to decorate the hearth with flowers. An old writer of that date says: "Ye well knowe that it is the maner at this daye to do the fire out of the hall, and the black wynter brondes, and all thinges that is foule with fume and smoke shall be done awaye; and where the fire was, shall be gayly arrayed with fayre flowers, and strewed with green ryshes all aboute."

Before passing from the day to the sleeping-rooms we must note, among the scanty furniture, the coffers and chests used for so many purposes, and of which so many examples are still in existence. They were the repositories for articles of every kind—writings, money, plate, apparel, food, and fuel were kept within them. Many of these chests were raised on feet to protect them from dirt and vermin, and they were often beautifully carved and adorned with metal work. Cypress-wood was selected on account of its neither rotting nor becoming worm-eaten. Ivory coffers were small, elaborately carved and engraved, and generally used for holding jewels and other valuables. Large trunks, used for general packing or removal, for clothes, tapestries, etc., were called trussing-chests; they were substantially made, and bound in every direction with iron straps, often wrought in fanciful forms, while the locks were artfully and curiously contrived. An old document describes two chests delivered to the laundress of King Henry VIII—"the one to keep the cleane stuff, and the other to keep the stuff that had been occupied." A very delicate way of putting the matter!

The furniture of the bedroom in the Elizabethan days was even more complete than that of the other chambers. Mirrors were common, though they seldom appeared in any other room. Small ones were often carried in the pocket or hung from the girdle; sometimes they were inserted in fans and in hats. The "looking-glass" of that day, however, was not of glass, but either of highly-polished steel or beryl. The toilet-table was well supplied with pomades, sweet soap, perfumed waters, combs and brushes, while the jewel-coffer of my lady was often an elaborate piece of filigree work, in ivory, ebony, crystal, walnut, gold or silver. Glass, even when not employed in any other chamber, was often to be found in the bedroom casement. In 1238 the treasurer of Henry III had orders to provide a window of white glass for the queen's chamber at Winchester, "so that the chamber may not be so windy as it used to be." Carpets were sparingly used, very much as in France to-day, in bedrooms;

a strip or square was much more likely to be found than a complete carpet.

But in the principal article of furniture, the bedstead, there had been a great improvement. In reigns not greatly antedating that of Elizabeth, the bed was usually laid upon a bench, sometimes in a recess, before which a curtain was suspended. Now the "four-poster," or great standing bed, was common, although often different enough to that in use to-day. The idea is by some supposed to have come from Austria, but its direct importation was probably from France, where sumptuous carved oak bedsteads were already well known, of which splendid examples are given by Viollet-le-Duc. These were commonly panelled down to the floor, and contained drawers, chests, and presses, over which the sleeper virtually held guard. Our Richard III possessed one of this kind, of which a double story is told. On the 21st of August, 1485, he arrived at Leicester, some of his retinue having preceded him with the running wardrobe, which included a ponderous four-post bedstead with a double bottom of boards, including a military chest, which was erected in a chamber of the Boar's Head. Richard slept on it that night, his last on earth, for next day he was defeated and slain on Bosworth Field. The bed was stripped of its hangings and finery, but the bedstead was left with mine host, and became a kind of show at the Blue Boar. In the reign of Elizabeth the house was kept by a man named Clark, whose wife one day, while shaking or making the bed, observed a gold coin roll on the floor; this led to an investigation, when it was found that the double bottom concealed a very large sum of gold, partly coined by Richard and partly of earlier date. It was, in fact, Richard's treasury, and, at the pass to which he had then come, might be said to be the very last of it. The sum is not named, but according to Twysden\* "this Clark reaped an incredible masse of wealth (but had wit enough not to discover y<sup>e</sup> same), but became of a poore man very rich, was mayor, and this, in y<sup>e</sup> end was by hys servants discovered. The sayd Clark in y<sup>e</sup> end dying left hys wife very rich, who styll kept on y<sup>e</sup> Inne at y<sup>e</sup> blue bore in Leicester, tyll, in the end, some guests coming to lodge with her, she was by them robd, who carryed away seven hors load of treasure, and yet left great storre scattered about the howse of gold and silver, Mrs. Cleark herself beeing in this action made away by a mayd servant, who stopt her breath by thrusting her finger into her throat, she beeing a very fat person;—for which fact Mrs. Cumber saw her burnt as the seven men were hanged."

It was long a traditional idea in England, and very common in the Elizabethan days, to carve on each of the posts of a bedstead a figure of one of the evangelists. Hence the old rhyme:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I sleep on."

But we must not forget that there were two

\* Roger Twysden: "Commonplace Books," quoted in "Notes and Queries," August 8th, 1857.



forms of bed in use during those days, the standing bed and truckle bed, which latter was a low-framed bedstead, plain to the last degree, mounted on castors, and capable of being put under the former; indeed it was not merely often put away there, but sometimes occupied by an inferior. My lady's maid not unfrequently slept on the floor beside the bedstead of her mistress. An old ballad speaks of the chaplain who had to—

"lie upon the truckle bed,  
Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head."

It is further mentioned that anciently a minstrel would often lie on a low bed to amuse his lord while he was awake, or to lull him to sleep, and that persons were sometimes employed to read for the same purpose.

The posts, head-boards, and canopies of the Elizabethan bedstead were curiously wrought and carved in oak and other woods, gilt and painted. They were often adorned with mottoes; one at a nunnery in Cumberland had this inscription: "Mark the end, and yow shal never doow amis." The bed-hangings were of the most sumptuous kind; bedsteads with their fittings were enumerated specially in bequests. Thus the royal lady, who was known as the Fair Maid of Kent, left her will in the following terms; "To my dear son, the King (Richard II), my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs issuing out of their mouths; to my dear son, Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of red camak, paied with red, and rays of gold." Satin, silk, furs, and tapestry were largely employed. Stow speaks of a counterpane worth 1,000 marks, and yet it may have covered a straw sack or mattress. In Elizabeth's time, however, feather beds were well known, though in

previous reigns payment for straw for beds is recorded even in the household books of royalty. Chaucer, in his "Dream," says,—

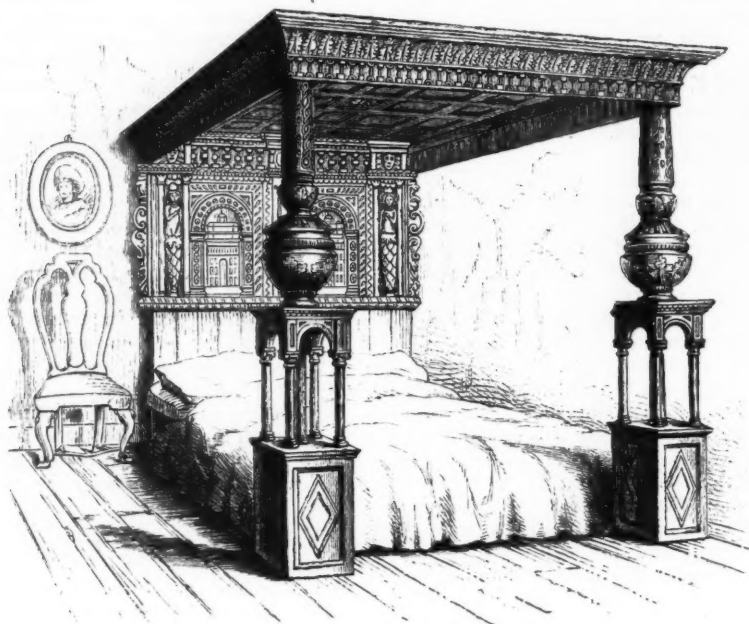
"Of downe of pure dove's white  
I wil give him a fether bed ;"

but they were rare in his time.

In great households the bed making was an important ceremony. The exact directions exist for the "making of the King's bed" in Henry VIII's reign. A yeoman or groom of the wardrobe was to bring in the "stuff," *i.e.*, the bedding; a gentleman usher was to hold back the curtains; two squires were to stand at the bed's head, two yeomen of the crown at its foot; while other officers made the bed. It took seven persons to do it.

The woollen blanket of Bristol, the fustian of Naples used for the pillow-cases, and the fine white "linen of Reynes" (Rennes) were all well-known in the days of Elizabeth. And, last of all the warming-pan was one of the ornaments of the Tudor home; it was usually of copper or copper-gilt: Elizabeth had one of silver.

The greatest bed of that day, one mentioned by Shakespeare, was undoubtedly the far-famed Bed of Ware. Clutterbuck, in his "History of Hertfordshire," admits that he could not find any written document or local tradition which threw any light on its history. It was long one of the sights at the "Saracen's Head" in Ware, and had the date, 1460, painted on it, but this was believed to refer not to its first construction, but to some period of renovation. It was twelve feet long and twelve feet broad. The ponderous structure is still in existence, having been sold to the proprietor of the Rye House, near Broxbourne, where it is an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors.



GREAT BED OF WARE.

## ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, OF MONTREAL.

II.



DISTANT VIEW OF CAIRO.

CAIRO is at present the great centre of Egyptian life, and the second Mussulman city in the world. It is the successor of old Memphis, and both cities have owed their importance to their position at the point where the long Nile valley enters the apex of the triangle of the Delta, a point well suited to be the centre of political control for both Upper and Lower Egypt. When the Delta was a bay of the Mediterranean, and

before the Nile deposits had filled it up, the limestone ridge of Mokattam, rising to an elevation of about 600 feet behind Cairo, was a rocky promontory washed by the sea, and projecting into the bay, and it now projects in like manner into the alluvial plain. Its age is that of the Eocene tertiary, or about that of the London clay, and it abounds in fossils, more especially those round discs, shells of humble marine protozoa, known as

*Nummulites*, and which Strabo was informed were petrified beans—"Pharaoh's beans." The point of the promontory, partially separated from the main mountain, furnishes a site for the citadel, at the foot of which the city lies on a level scarcely elevated above the annual inundation. Cairo has no claims to greater antiquity than the Persian conquest of Egypt (B.C. 525), and did not become a place of commanding importance till after the Arabian occupation of the country. Why did the ancient Egyptians neglect this beautiful and imposing site, and erect their capital on the opposite side of the river, several miles farther up, and in the midst of the alluvial plain, here about five miles wide, and with the river towards its eastern side?

The site of Memphis is just such a slight elevation on the alluvial plain as the modern Fellaheen select for their villages, as being more or less above the inundation, and near to the cultivated ground. In primitive times it was, no doubt, so selected, perhaps at a time when it was not far from the northern limit of the cultivated land of Egypt, and was adopted by the Egyptian kings as their capital when they moved thus far towards the Delta. Perhaps the traditional connection of the place with the worship of Pthah, the Creator, may have aided in determining the selection. There was besides the facility for constructing defensive ditches around it, and the absence of any dominating height, such as that which commands Cairo, and has placed even its citadel under the guns of besiegers. Besides this, the Egyptians seem to have preferred sites facing the rising sun, and they no doubt had also an eye to the excellent quarries of limestone immediately opposite the site of Memphis, and to the facilities offered by the river and canals for the transport of building material.

The traditions relating to the great dam and canal, said to have been made for the protection of Memphis, show at once the importance attached to the place, and the facility with which the Egyptian trains his great river to his service. To compare small things with great, we saw, in driving to the pyramids, two men busy in digging a hole in the black mud close to a canal. When we returned they had already erected a *shadoof*, or long lever mounted on a post, and with the aid of this and a basket lined with skin were irrigating a large patch of ploughed land, the whole arrangement looking as if it had been there from time immemorial.

As a city Memphis has utterly perished, for even its stones have been retransported across the river to construct buildings in Cairo. Its necropolis alone remains, the burial-place of the dead population of a dead city. *Men-nefers*, the strong and beautiful, as the Egyptians formerly called their great city, has given place to *El Kahira*, "the Victorious," a name commemorative not of Egyptian victory, but of Egyptian defeat by an alien race in old time, despised by the Pharaohs.

The necropolis of Memphis, extending for twenty miles along the desert plateau bounding the river and overlooking the city, is the greatest cemetery in the world, and in the

pyramids possesses the grandest of funereal monuments. There is fortunately no need to describe the pyramids. In addition to older productions, Petre's recent work leaves little to be desired as to their measurements and details of structure. The greatest of them, that of Khufu, even in its present dismantled and ruinous state, is a most impressive structure; but if we replace in imagination its smooth casing of pure white limestone, its surrounding pavement, walls, and subsidiary buildings, we can easily imagine that it was not only impressive but beautiful in its majestic simplicity when it left its builders' hands. In its present state one is perhaps most deeply impressed with its evidence of patient and skilful labour. Its massive stones, carefully squared and accurately laid on durable mortar, and the remains exhumed by Colonel Howard Vyse of its outer casing of pure white fine-grained limestone, attest the skill of its builders and their honest, painstaking work; while the labour required to quarry and transport this mass of material, covering thirteen acres and 470 feet in height, almost surpasses belief. The Great Pyramid, though the largest, is also only one of very many, and some of the smaller ones are constructed of more costly material. Its neighbour, the pyramid of Cephren, had its lower courses built of the red granite from Syene, and the next, that of Menkera, was wholly cased with this expensive material.

The pyramids stand on a plateau of Eocene limestone, elevated about 120 feet above the Nile, and filled with marine fossils, most of which have been described in Zittel's elaborate memoirs on the geology of the Libyan desert. The same rock occurs on the opposite side of the Nile, but there it rises to a height of 640 feet in the Mokattam ridge, though at the foot of this there is a plateau corresponding to that of the pyramids, and which presents some very interesting features, to be mentioned in the sequel, and to understand which it is necessary to refer to the geology of the region.

In the previous paper we noticed the great bay which preceded the formation of the Delta, but it will be necessary now to go back in geological time to a period—that of the Eocene tertiary—when the whole of Northern Africa, as well as much of Western Asia and Southern Europe, was under the sea. In this period a great series of calcareous and earthy beds was deposited, now represented by the rocks of the Mokattam. In some portions of the period immense numbers of disc-like shells of protozoa, the *Nummulites*, were deposited, and these constitute the predominant material of considerable beds of limestone. In other periods small microscopic protozoa produced shells similar to that found in the English chalk and in the "*Globygerina* ooze" of deep soundings in the Atlantic. At other times beds of marl were deposited, and beds of sandy limestone crowded with fruit shells, corals, crustaceans, and sea-urchins. The procession of these beds and these characteristic fossils have been carefully worked out by Dr. Schweinfurth, of Cairo, under whose kind guidance I had the opportunity of visiting some of the more interesting exposures

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After the close of the Eocene period these rocks were elevated into land, and became clothed with forests which at a later date were submerged and buried in sand, the harder parts of which still exist in the Jebel Ahmar and other places, while much has been swept away, leaving the fragments of silicified trees, which curious travellers visit as the "petrified forest."\* The true nature of this petrified forest, and its relation to the Eocene beds, may be seen in Jebel Ahmar, the "Red Mountain," near Cairo.

At a still later period all these deposits were partially submerged, and were exposed to the watery action of the sea, which cut away the greater part of the sandstone imbedding the petrified trees, and, as it sunk to a lower level, cut into the Eocene beds, forming great terraces in the Mokattam mass. One of the principal of these is at a height of about five hundred feet above the sea, and another at a height of about two hundred feet, and roughly corresponding to the pyramid plateau on the opposite side. Dr. Schweinfurth kindly pointed out to me the borings of lithodermous mollusks, first noticed by Dr. Froos, and also oysters adherent to the old sea-cliff, and other recent shells in its crevices. Similar appearances exist at the edge of the pyramid plateau at Gizeh, and prove that in the Pleistocene age all this part of Africa was submerged to a depth of more than two hundred feet, and this for a long time, while the higher terrace shows a submergence to the extent of at least five hundred feet. It would therefore be hopeless to look for evidence of human residence in Egypt during or anterior to the great Pleistocene submergence, with which we are so familiar in Northern Europe and North America, but which evidently extended to Egypt as well. I was much struck with the essential resemblance of the Mokattam terraces to those with which I have been familiar in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The differences are mainly those which depend on a more or less humid climate. From this subsidence the country rose in the second continental, or "post-glacial," period to a greater height than at present, and then, after some oscillations, sunk to that position referred to in the preceding paper, in which the Delta began to be formed. It was no doubt in great part the land resulting from the waste of the Tertiary sandstones and sandy limestones by the sea that shallowed the great Nile bay in preparation for the Delta.

We have now completed a rough geological sketch of the vicinity of Cairo, and have prepared the way for discussing in a subsequent paper the formation of the Nile valley above the Delta, but lest we should be too geological, it may be well to turn for a little to some matters of more purely human interest.

The first builders of old Memphis must have been immediate descendants of the survivors of the deluge, and perhaps contemporary with some of them. Mizraim, the son of Ham, may have been the leader of the first colony that settled in the Nile valley; and not many generations re-

moved from Mizraim were the builders of the earlier pyramids. We are curious to know what manner of men were these ingenious and industrious people. We may learn something of this from the specimens in the Boulak Museum, a collection not so large as some Egyptian collections in Europe, but inestimable in value. There we have actual portrait statues of men and women of the earlier Egyptian dynasties, collected in one room and affording admirable opportunities to study their physique and some of their arts and tastes. These statues are remarkable for their accurate and realistic execution, equally remote from the ideal beauty of the advanced style of Greek sculpture and the conventional style of the later Egyptian art. The features are well cut and regular, with well-formed heads, large eyes, prominent straight noses, and expressive mouths. We might accept such a man as the priest Ra-Nefer of the fifth dynasty, or the lady Nefer of the fourth dynasty, as typical representatives of the Noachidæ, the immediate descendants of Noah. Their paintings on the walls of tombs and the hieroglyphic characters in their inscriptions are remarkable for their delicate and truthful execution. Their clothing is limited to a mere kilt or apron, and they seem to have delighted in arranging their abundant hair in numerous strands or plaits. It is interesting to think that these statues carry us back probably farther than any others to the infancy of the sculptor's art in representing the human form, and to the actual appearance of the descendants of Noah, at least in the line of Ham, not many generations after the deluge. One cannot help thinking that these early sculptures must have been known to the Greeks, for there is scarcely any perceptible break between such figures as the priest Ra-Nefer or the Scribe in the Louvre Museum and the earlier productions of Greek art.

But the next room in the historical series brings us into the presence of a new and different race, that of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who, in the disturbed and anarchical period that succeeded the early dynasties, invaded and took possession of Egypt, and are said to have held at least the lower portion of the country for 500 years. Few monuments exist of these people. They were, perhaps, less given to erecting permanent structures, or perpetuating their appearance in sculpture, than the native kings; but the late Mariette Bey was so fortunate as to secure, in the ruins of Tanis in the Delta, some indubitable representations of them, done in the hard and imperishable black didrite of Upper Egypt. We see at a glance that we are here in the presence of a new race. The faces are broad and flat, with high cheek-bones, wide lower jaws, and prominent, thin-lipped mouths. The style of hair and dressing is different; there is a broad and bushy beard; and we see, in addition to a kilt with longitudinal stripes, and sometimes with what the Scots Highlanders call a philibeg in front, a leopard's skin thrown over the shoulders as a cloak. The countenance of these people is decidedly Turanian or Mongol, and, indeed, closely resembles that of the aboriginal races of North America. One of the figures

\* I satisfied myself that these silicified trunks occur in silt in the lower beds of sandstone at Jebel Ahmar.

in the Boulak Museum would pass for the portrait of a Chippewa chief. There is no race now in Egypt or Western Asia at all resembling these people, unless, as reported, a remnant of it still exists in the marshes of Lake Menzaleh. It is no wonder that this stalwart and rough-featured race was repulsive to the refined native Egyptian people, independently of the high-handed oppression attributed to it. It is further interesting to observe that if, as usually supposed, the name Hyksos is compounded of the word Huk or Og, and the tribal name Sos or Suzim, and means "King of the Suzim," we have in these statues authentic portraits of representatives of those old pre-Canaanite peoples of Canaan, so much dreaded by the Israelites, the Anakim, Zurim, and Zamrummim, and are enabled to connect these almost prehistoric populations with the early conquerors of Egypt. They were evidently men of stolid and determined character, probably of large stature and great physical power, and more given to war and the chase than to more quiet pursuits.

The Hyksos were expelled by the native Egyptians, who had concentrated their power in Upper Egypt, under Amosis and his successors; but there must have been some compromise and intermixture, for we do not find in the statues of the succeeding dynasties the pure early Egyptian type. Seti, Rameses II, and other great kings of the "new monarchy," which is yet as old as the

Exodus, show a mixture of the Hyksos type, and also of the Ethiopian or Nubian, in their features; and their military and aggressive character seems to tell the same tale. The relations of the Israelites to these successive dynasties forms an interesting question here, which, however, merits a more detailed discussion by itself, and in connection with points in the physical geology of the country which are now being worked out.

If we ask the question, What is to be seen to-day of the several races that have occupied Egypt? the answer may be found in the streets of Cairo, where one may find every type of countenance, from that of the early Egyptian to that of the English army of occupation. Three leading types are dominant, one is that of the Egyptian proper, and in this we often see startling resemblances to the oldest statues at Boulak. Another is that of the Nubian, a negroid style graduating into the genuine Ethiopian. Another is that of the Semitic Arab. Perhaps one may add the Turk—a very mixed race, but when it appears in its purity having some affinity with the Mongoloid type of the old Hyksos. There are, of course, all shades of indefinite intermixture; and the mixed race is, with the exception of a tendency to diseased eyes, one of good physique and well-formed head, auguring some promise for the future of Egypt in the new era which it may be hoped is dawning on it, under the influence of justice and Christianity.

## DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY LEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF 'A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.'

### CHAPTER IV.—THE POLITICIANS.

IT was fortunate for the young physician, who taking possession of Radcliffe's house in Bloomsbury Square, succeeded also to his practice, that the Jacobite coteries were too indignant with the doctor at Carshalton to give much thought to the part taken at the Queen's death-bed by his *protégé*. For a brief hour indeed it was doubtful whether the Tory doctor, who had neglected his sovereign in her dying moments, or the young Whig doctor, who hastened to her chamber with disloyal alacrity, should be sacrificed to social clamour. If the Queen had suffered from the neglect of the older culprit, it was whispered that she had suffered in a still greater degree from the young and self-confident intruder, who disheartened her Tory medical attendants by declaring at his first interview with them, that all their talk was idle and all their suggestions bootless, as her Majesty was already sinking. Whispers went about that this mournful opinion was delivered with the eagerness of a man who delighted in the prospect and was set on doing everything to verify his prediction. The whisperers told also how the young Whig doctor's countenance betrayed his chagrin

when, on being again blooded, the royal patient recovered for a short while her consciousness and speech. It was the conviction of many persons that even at that late moment her Majesty would have rallied for weeks—and if for weeks, why not for years?—had this young Whig doctor been silenced and driven from the palace, so that the Tory doctors, who lost their nerve and wits under his audacious discouragements, could have had fair play. "This morning," Charles Ford wrote to Swift, "when I went there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report was carried to town that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for even in her own chapel at St. James's; and *what is more infamous (!) stocks rose three per cent. upon it in the City*. Before I came away she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed she would, in all probability, hold out till tomorrow—except Meade, who pronounced several hours before she could not live ten minutes, and seems uneasy if did not happen so." Certain it is that the Jacobites had no reason to thank Meade, and that

the Whigs had cause to speak gratefully of him. Miss Strickland did not go beyond the evidence in saying, "It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George 1." After that event the murmurs against Meade soon died away. Whilst the triumphant Whigs, in gratitude for his action at the trying moment, proclaimed him their physician-in-chief, it was conceded by the most fervid Jacobites that if he had served the Queen ill he had served his party well, whereas the treacherous Radcliffe had been alike false to his Queen and his "friends." Much has been written of courtiers living on the breath of princes. What more can the faculty require in the way of worldly homage when history says so much of princes living and parties rising to triumph at the will of doctors?

If it would be a great error to think that the famous political doctors found their patients only within the lines of their respective parties, it would be even a greater mistake to imagine that the same doctors lived more harmoniously with the physicians who agreed with them than with the physicians who differed from them in politics. On the contrary, it would appear from some of the most piquant anecdotes of the medical biographers, that concord on questions of State tended to aggravate the jealousies and sharpen the spites of medical competitors. If he railed at Sir Edward Hannes for being the son of a basket-maker, and told Sir Richard Blackmore (the whilom schoolmaster) that he ought to be birched with one of his own rods, Radcliffe hated the Tory physician, James Drake, more cordially than he hated Hannes or Blackmore, or any other doctor of the Whig crew. Having lived on the worst of unfriendly terms with most of his Tory competitors, the Jacobite physician took a young Whig for his especial favourite and *protégé*. Still the doctor who befriended Obadiah Walker with noble free-handedness, was not wanting in generous and delicate munificence to the Tory physician whom he had done his best to ruin, and for whose ruin he was largely accountable. "Let him," he said to a lady, by whose hands he sent fifty guineas to his vanquished and embarrassed rival, "by no means be told whence the money comes. Drake is a gentleman, and has often done his best to hurt me. He could, therefore, by no means brook the receipt of a benefit from a person whom he has treated so ill as he has treated me." Blackmore's Whiggism only intensified the scorn in which he was held, as a rhymester and block-head, by Sir Samuel Garth—the wit who, with all his amiability, could not tolerate fools, and the Whig who, with all his political fervour, lived more with Tories than with men of his own party. In these particulars Garth was resembled by Meade, who from early manhood to old age delighted in the society of Tories, and plumed himself on their friendly care for him.

Medical annals comprise few matters more pleasant to the generous reader, or more creditable to human nature, than the story of Meade's conduct towards Freind, when the latter was committed to the Tower on suspicion of being con-

cerned in the Atterbury plot. The Jacobite doctor and Member of Parliament for Launceston remained in the Tower for several months; and his imprisonment would have lasted longer had it not been for Meade's repeated and strenuous appeals in his behalf to Sir Robert Walpole, who eventually enlarged the captive on condition that Meade and three other members of the faculty (Drs. Hulse, Levet, and Hale) should be sureties for his good behaviour. There was a great gathering of doctors, and a merry dinner in Ormond Street, on the day of Freind's liberation; and before the guest of the occasion drove westward to his house in Albemarle Street (in the same carriage with Arbuthnot, who lived in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens), Meade took him aside and gave him the fees taken from his patients during his captivity.

At the close of these notes on the political doctors of olden time, something more must be said of Messenger Monsey (Lord Chancellor Cranworth's great-grandfather), who was one of the latest well-pronounced examples of his medical species. The ill wind, that gave Lord Godolphin (the Lord Treasurer's son) an apoplectic seizure on his road to Newmarket, was a fortunate breeze to Messenger Monsey, whom it wafted from obscurity and indigence in a provincial town to celebrity and comparative affluence in the capital. Delighted with the doctor's humour and conversational sprightliness, Lord Godolphin urged him to come to London and pursue fortune in the great world. Acting on the advice, Monsey never regretted having taken it, for though he never rose to the highest honours of his profession or to greatly lucrative employment, he made something more than a sufficient income, and had the gratification of making it out of the wealthy and of living in the best coteries of his party.

A sparkling *raconteur*, he animated the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses with the tongue that would have done him better service could it have quickened the general mirth without wounding the self-love of individuals. Garrick never forgave the caustic talker for crying across a riotous table to the Bishop of Sodor and Man, "Garrick going to quit the stage! That he'll never do so long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side and pile on the other." The tragedian's bitterness against the physician was not mitigated by the story that ran about the town of the way in which the latter repelled Lord Bath's attempt to reconcile the enemies who had been friends. "I thank you," said Monsey, "but why will your lordship trouble yourself about the squabbles of a Merry Andrew and a quack doctor?" So long as the actor was vigorous, Monsey, in those days of free speech and broad humour, may not have exceeded the privileges of a chartered humorist in talking pungently of David's greed for gold. But he injured himself with men of good feeling when he seized on Garrick's last illness as an occasion for repeating, in a set of satirical verses, the old reflections on his avarice.

In his later years Monsey's temper lost whatever little sweetness it ever possessed, and as he grew more morose he yielded to the same ignoble



infirmity that had made him speak and write so ruthlessly of Garrick. His dissatisfaction with himself and the world was not the less keen because he never survived his conscience, and certainly had some grounds for thinking himself badly treated by his friends. There were times when he grumbled angrily that his friends had more respect for the *bon mots* he gave them than for the prescriptions for which they would have been charged. Always ready to extol his "Norfolk Doctor," Sir Robert Walpole forbore to promote his interests apart from the usual payments for medical service.

"How happens it," Sir Robert asked one day over his wine, "that no one beats me at billiards or contradicts me except Dr. Monsey?"

"'Tis easy to answer that question," growled Monsey. "Other people get places, and see that I get nothing but a dinner and praise."

The Duke of Grafton was even a less beneficent patron and less profitable patient than Sir Robert Walpole. Instead of paying the doctor promptly for medical service, the duke deferred the payment with a definite promise to obtain for him a certain place that would soon fall vacant, and be at the disposal of the Lord Chamberlain. When the place fell vacant and Monsey reminded the duke of the promise, his grace answered, "I am truly sorry to tell you that in reply to my entreaty the Lord Chamberlain has just been here, explaining that he had already promised the place to Jack —." A few days later, on speaking about the matter to the Lord Chamberlain, the doctor received this assurance: "Yes, Monsey, the duke did ask me to give the place to a friend

of his, and I told him the place was already promised; but (in strict confidence I may tell you) *you* were not the person to whom the duke begged me to give the place."

Under the annoyance coming to him from this information, it would have been some consolation to the doctor to draw, in his own peculiar way, one of the duke's soundest teeth. This eccentric physician took so keen a delight in drawing teeth by this particular process that, in the absence of a patient with a fee for the service, he would sometimes be his own dentist, and operate on himself from a pure love of art. The process was this. Round the tooth to be drawn the doctor fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the other end of which a bullet was attached. A pistol having been charged with this bullet and a full measure of powder, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could rarely prevail on his friends to let him remove their teeth in this singular and startlingly simple manner. Once a gentleman, who had agreed to make trial of the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, turned craven at the last moment.

"Stop! stop!" he exclaimed. "I've changed my mind."

"But I haven't changed mine, and you're a coward for changing yours," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger.

Even at this distance of time it would be pleasant to discover that the patient of this comedy was his grace of Grafton, and that, to avenge himself for the affair of the place in the Lord Chamberlain's gift, the operator attached the catgut to the wrong tooth.

## INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

### THE FOX AND THE CRABS.

ONE day a fox seated himself on a stone by a stream and wept aloud. The crabs in the holes around came up to him and said, "Friend, why are you wailing so loud?" "Alas!" said the fox, "I have been turned out by my kindred from the wood, and do not know what to do." "Why were you turned out?" said the crabs, in a tone of pity. "Because," said the fox, sobbing, "they said they should go out to-night hunting crabs by the stream, and I said it would be a pity to kill such pretty little creatures." "Where will you go hereafter?" said the crabs. "Where I can get work," said the fox, "for I would not go to my kindred again, come what would." Then the crabs held a meeting, and came to the conclusion that, as the fox had been thrown out by his kindred on their account, they could do nothing better than engage his services to defend them. So they told the fox of their intention. He readily consented, and spent the whole day in amusing the crabs with all kinds of tricks. Night came. The moon rose in full splendour. The fox said,



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light?" "Never, friend," said the crabs; "we are such little creatures that we are afraid of going far from our holes." "Oh, never mind," said the fox; "follow me. I can defend you against any foe." So the crabs followed him with pleasure. In the way the fox told them all sorts of pleasant things and cheered them on most heartily. After thus going over some distance, they reached a plain, where the fox came to a stand and made a low moan in the direction of an adjacent wood. Instantly a number of foxes came out of the wood and joined their kinsman, and all of them at once set about hunting the poor crabs, that fled on all sides for their lives, but were soon caught and devoured. When the banquet was over, the other foxes said to their friend, "How great thy skill and cunning!" The heartless villain replied, with a wink, "My friends, there is a cunning in cunning."

#### THE WORM AND THE SUN.

A worm, that was out in the sun, said, "I wish there was no sun at all. Of what use is he? If he did not shine I would go far in the fields and be so glad." A rook that heard this came near and said, "You are not right when you say so; the sun is of great use to me. This very moment I should not have known you were here but for his light." With these words he took him up in his bill and put him into his craw. A sage, who saw this, said, "The worm lived but a short while; yet he would have no sun, though all the world wants him. 'Tis hard to deal with minds so low, for love of self is all they know."

#### THE DOG AND THE DOG-DEALER.

A dog was standing by the cottage of a peasant. A person who dealt in dogs passed by the way. The dog said, "Will you buy me?" The man said, "Oh, you ugly little thing! I would not give a farthing for you!" Then the dog went to the palace of the king and stood by the portal. The sentinel caressed it, and said, "You are a charming little creature!" Just then the dog-dealer came that way. The dog said, "Will you buy me?" "Oh," said the man, "you guard the palace of the king, who must have paid a high price for you. I cannot afford to pay the amount, else I would willingly take you." "Ah!" said the dog, "how place and position affect people!"

#### THE BANQUET OF THE BEASTS.

The beasts in a forest once proposed to entertain the lion, their king. They took care not to invite the fox lest he should somehow mar the proceedings. The fox went to the lion with downcast eyes, and said, "Sire, I am sorry that your subjects have been planning your ruin. They mean to invite you to a feast and murder you in the midst of the rejoicing. Well knowing that your humble servant is a faithful adherent of his sovereign, they have carefully excluded him from the party." "How shall we outwit them?" said the lion. "I request your majesty to accept the invitation," said the fox. "I shall watch unseen somewhere in the neighbourhood, and just as the traitors, under some pretext, advance to

attempt your majesty's life, make a signal." "So be it," said the lion. The entertainment came off. The beasts were in high glee, and spared neither pains nor cost to please the king. There was dancing and music. The peacock danced and the cuckoo sang, and the whole wood resounded with sounds of merriment. The wolf and the hyena, as the chief among the officers of the king, went up to him with a great garland to be placed round his neck, after the fashion in the East on such occasions. The lion bent his neck to receive the present. Just then the fox gave a low howl. Instantly the lion sprang on the wolf and the hyena and laid them low; the other animals took the hint and fled. The fox joined the lion and pursued them, shouting, "There go the traitors!" "Alas!" said the beasts, "it is all the doing of that wily fox. We thought we were safe because we had kept him out, but it has been quite the other way. Never lose sight of a knave!"

#### THE BEASTS AND THE FISHES.

The beasts and the fishes once came to an agreement that they should exchange places for some time by way of variety. So the fish ranged over the plains, and the hawks, the kites, the vul-



tures, and other animals soon made dreadful havoc on them. The beasts that got into the sea, not being able to breathe, soon died by myriads, and were devoured by the sea monsters. So they with difficulty came to the shore and met the fishes, who had just arrived from the interior of the country. Said the fishes, "Oh, let us go back to our home the sea!" and darted into the water. Said the beasts, "Oh, let us go back to our home the land!" and jumped ashore. A sage, who had been witnessing the scene, said "When will you have change of place again?" "Never more! never more!" said both. Said the sage, "Each doth best in his own element."

## A Letter from the Cape.



O, FATHER, the thoughts that rise in my soul are such I scarcely can speak my mind ;  
Is it not hard when one feels that the right is what half seems to one's heart unkind ?  
—Only, father, you did consent when Hugh asked you to give up your child to him,  
And forth he went to find her a home, and thought not of safety for life or limb.

Forth went my Hugh to the strange, far land—and O ! it was hard for me then to stay !  
Only perchance I had hampered him then ; but "I'd only help him," he writes "to day—  
"The place is healthy, the roof is sound, the food is plenty although it's rough,  
"And if only a wife sat by the fire," writes Hugh, "the place would be good enough."

He wants me, father, I feel he does. He does not speak plainly because he knows  
That a woman clings to the home she has, and trembles for that to which she goes ;  
And he scarcely likes to ask me to leave one made so bright and so sweet by you,  
—But, father, if you were in his place, what would you think that I ought to do ?

"Hardships," dear father, I hear you sigh. But many a time I have heard you say,  
It is well that an uphill bit should come in the breezy morning of the day  
I know how mother and you set out. She's told me of many a stress and strain,  
And see ! She's smiling ! I rather think she would like to do it for you again.

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Father, dear father, life is not made of the food we eat and the clothes we wear,  
Is it not made of the love we feel, and the work we do, and the cross we bear?  
O, father, many a problem dark which is vexing the world at soul and brain,  
Would all grow clear if we learned by heart that the best of life is its love and pain!

Of old they gave up their own to God, at the wild beast game and the martyr's stake,  
But now it is grudged if our fare be hard, even for a joyful duty's sake.  
And we talk of crosses and thorny crowns, but think of comfort and ease and show,  
(Not for yourselves, though, mother and you!)—Father, I knew you would let me go!

ISABELLA F. MAYO.

## THE BRITISH PEOPLE:

### THEIR INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR VICES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S., ETC., ETC.

#### FOURTH PAPER.

##### I.—THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER INCOMES.

WE have dealt with the incomes of landowners and fundholders, we have seen what large sums are annually realised from house property and by the agency of public companies, and have well exhausted the list of those who reside in palaces and mansions, or who live in suburban villas—of those, in short, whose names are enrolled in the records of the Income Tax Commissioners, numbering probably about one million families, representing about four millions and a half of persons. But the people of the United Kingdom now number about thirty-five millions and a half, therefore the bulk of the people has not yet been touched. And of whom do these consist? Of the lower middle and the artisan and labouring classes, the very heart and sinews of the nation. In status and condition the lower middle class—viz., those in the receipt of under £150 a year, differ but little from those favoured with higher incomes. Our clergymen and dissenting ministers, our schoolmasters and literary men, live a life of beneficent activity, enrich literature by their learning and genius, are daily employed in the arduous work of education, and are otherwise engaged in the various businesses of life. As for our artisans and working men, whether working on land or at sea, in agriculture or in the mines, call them not the "lower class," for as many noble, virtuous, and high-minded men and women may be found in their number as among any other portion of society. Only, as we approach the lower incomes, let us remember that a broad line of demarcation exists between incomes which necessarily leave a considerable surplus, and incomes which barely suffice for the necessities of life—between incomes which admit of considerable room for contingent losses or partial diminution, and incomes the suspension or partial loss of which implies absolute suffering and deprivation—between incomes which leave a considerable margin for saving, and incomes which, at best, leave but little chance for economy.

##### II.—THE LOWER MIDDLE CLASS.

Of the lower middle class, the teacher, the clergyman, and the commercial clerk are the fittest representatives. Of the income of teachers we have some well-ascertained evidence in the

reports of the Committee of Council on Education. Time was when every tyro was deemed fit for teaching, and when a large proportion of teachers had but a miserable income. With the greater appreciation of the necessity and utility of education the position and income of teachers have greatly improved. Since the passing of the Education Act in 1870 the number of those who make of teaching a profession has greatly increased, and real talent is fairly remunerated. In 1870 the average salary of a certificated master was £95 12s. 9d. Now it is £119 15s. 6d. In 1870 the average salary of a schoolmistress was £57 16s. 5d., now it is £72 os. 11d., and in addition to this a good proportion of masters and mistresses are provided with residences free of rent. Of the income of clergymen and dissenting ministers we have but few available data. From a return of the number of benefices the advowsons of which were sold from 1863 to 1872, it appears that in forty-seven per cent. of the cases the gross annual value of the benefice was under £200. The incomes of curates, as we all know, are very small. And yet there has been a tendency towards improvement in this class of incomes. In the Presbyterian Church in England in 1866 the average stipend of ministers was £213, a large number receiving £100 a year and less. In 1883 the average stipend of the Presbyterian Church in England had risen to £310, showing an increase of forty-five per cent., a sustentation fund having in the interval been established, providing a minimum stipend of £200 a year. But in other religious communities the stipends are not so high. The incomes of the great bulk of small shopkeepers, especially in country districts, enter within this class of income. So the incomes of commercial clerks, so those of milliners and dressmakers, and especially of governesses, whose services are in most cases so ill required. Generally there are more earners than one in a family among the lower middle class, yet from social etiquette, false pride, and insufficient technical education, too much dependence is placed on the unaided labour of the head of the family. But the number belonging to the lower middle class can only be arrived at by inference. If the income-tax payers on the one hand represent four millions and a half of persons, and the labouring classes seventy per cent. of the entire population, or twenty-five

millions of persons, the number left as the lower middle class is six millions. Assuming now for every family of four and a half persons, whether from the labours of one or of two, an average earning of £110 per annum, we have an aggregate income of about £143,000,000 per annum.

### III.—THE ARTISAN AND LABOURING CLASS.

The income of the labouring class, in so far as it is the result of labour applied in production, is certainly part of the wealth of the nation, but in so far as it consists of the earnings of persons engaged in domestic offices or services, it only represents part of the expenditure of other classes of society. In a social aspect there may be but little difference between the income of a domestic servant and the income of an agricultural labourer. In an economic aspect it is otherwise, for whilst in the case of the former the wages are paid out of the income of the master, in the case of the latter the labourer, as well as the landowner and the farmer, derive their independent income from the produce of the earth. In estimating the aggregate annual income of the labouring classes we must remember that in many cases it consists partly in money and partly in food, lodging, and sometimes clothing, the value of which must be estimated. We must bear in mind that workmen are often paid not by weekly, daily, or hourly wages, but by piecework—that is, in proportion to actual work done. There is a considerable difference, of course, between the different earnings from higher skilled labour, lower skilled labour, and unskilled labour, as there is also between the wages of foremen and men. The earnings of women and children, especially in the textile industries, are considerable, and go far to supplement the earnings of men. And in estimating the annual income of the labouring classes we must have regard to the fact that the yearly income depends on the actual number of months, days, or hours the workmen have been employed during the year, the amount of voluntary or enforced idleness in the different trades and occupations causing an appreciable deduction from the annual value of any given weekly wages. Clergymen, schoolmasters, and commercial clerks are paid even during their holiday time, but workmen, in the great majority of cases, receive no such consideration at the hands of their masters. From the entire number of the working population we would have to deduct the million of paupers and all those in prisons or hospitals. In truth, however, but few wage-earners are paupers. The workhouse population consists largely of the old and infirm and of children. They are the residuum of society, for whom the wage-earners are not able to provide. The number in prisons or hospitals is, happily, not so large as to produce an appreciable item in this necessarily broad general view of the income of the nation.

### IV.—TYPES OF LABOUR AND WAGES.

The census of the population is the best and ultimate authority respecting the number of persons belonging to and actually engaged in the different occupations, divided into six distinct classes—viz., the professional, the domestic, the commercial, the agricultural, the industrial,

and the indefinite and non-productive. More or less, there are working men and women employed in each, but under conditions widely different. Under the professional there are the non-commissioned officers and men of the army and navy, for whose maintenance estimates are annually laid before Parliament. Their money wages are small, yet they are fed, clothed, and housed, and their total cost to the nation is upwards of £10,000,000 a year. Under the domestic class we have the large number of indoor servants, in the receipt of money wages ranging from £6 to £40 a year and more, besides board and lodging. Under the commercial class are all those employed in the conveyance of goods and passengers, and generally in the road, railway, and water traffic. The number of persons employed by railway companies in their various departments of the superintendents, goods managers, locomotives, engineers, store-keepers, police, etc., is very large, and the wages, including in many cases their uniforms, are liberal. The agricultural class includes not only agricultural labourers and gardeners, but also not a few small farmers, especially in Scotland and Ireland. Lastly, we have the great industrial class, including, among others, makers of machines and implements, of clocks, watches, and scientific instruments; the building trades, the furnishing trades, the china, earthenware, and glass manufacture; those employed in the textile fabrics; the miners and metal-workers; those employed in the manufacture of paper and books—a vast array of men, women, and children all in the receipt of wages. It is not an easy matter, however, to get at the total income even for each class separately. In a cotton factory, for instance, there may be five hundred persons employed, but so many are boys or girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age, and so many men or women eighteen years of age and upwards. In the building trades so many are artisans and so many labourers; and in each case the average income of the whole depends on the proportion of persons in the receipt of many distinct wages. There is, however, a common standard, after all, around which the different wages range themselves. All those employed on works requiring higher skilled labour and manufacture are found to be in the receipt of 30s. to 40s. per week; all those employed in works requiring skill, yet not so exclusive and technical, will be found to receive 25s. to 35s. a week whilst those giving only unskilled labour may receive only 16s. to 23s. a week.

### V.—TOTAL EARNINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

But let us take a few specimens of the total earnings of classes of labourers. The domestic servants number about 2,355,000, of whom 309,000 are males, and 2,046,000 females. Assume an average of £12 per annum each in money wages, and add £25 per annum for board and lodging, the total is £28,000,000 in money only, and £87,000,000, including board, lodging, and perquisites. Domestic servants are employed all the year round, and as a class they are exceedingly well off. In agriculture there are employed as many as 2,346,000, and agricultural wages have

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risen considerably of late years, especially in counties contiguous to mineral and other centres of labour. Taking only 13s. per week for the whole number in money wages, and 2s. 6d. more in other advantages, such as an allotment of land, wood, some articles of food, and a cottage at lower rent than it is worth, and calculating only on forty-eight weeks' earning in the year, we have an annual amount of £31 a year in money wages, or £37, including other advantages, giving a total of £73,000,000 or £87,000,000 respectively. In the textile fabrics there are about 1,000,000 of persons engaged, earning not less than 17s. a week, each man and woman alike. Assuming only forty-five weeks' labour for these, we have an annual income of £38, or a total of £38,000,000. There are no other perquisites given in this industry. Of common labourers there were in all about 700,000, and their wages may be taken all round at 20s. per week, but for not more than forty weeks in the year, or £40 a year, making a total of £28,000,000. Here we have in these four classes of labourers a total of about 6,400,000 persons, having together a money income of about £167,000,000, or, including food, lodging, etc., £240,000,000. But there are 6,000,000 more at work in the United Kingdom, including nearly all the skilled industries. Probably some 5,000,000 men are thus employed, at wages averaging 20s.\* a week, but whose employment cannot be taken at more than forty-eight weeks in the year, and 1,000,000 women and children, in the receipt of

\* A return procured by the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce gives the wages earned in various trades in Lancashire in 1883 as follows:—

<b>Cotton Spinning—</b>			
Spinners, hand mules	Males	40	0
Cyphers	"	16	0
Pickers	Females	11	0
Creelers	"	7	0
Machiners	Males	32	0
<b>Bleaching—</b>			
Dressers or hangers	"	59	1
Hand crofters	"	32	1
Bleaching machine foreman	"	34	0
" minders	Females	9	3
Stiffeners	Males	75	7
Calenderers	"	30	0
Driers	"	27	9
Makers-up	"	32	8
Packers	"	28	3
<b>Mechanical Engineering—</b>			
Fitters	"	32	0
Turners	"	32	0
Boiler-makers	"	32	0
Smiths	"	33	0
Moulders	"	36	0
Labourers	"	17	0
<b>Coal Mining—</b>			
Colliers	"	26	3
Engineers	"	32	6
Smiths	"	29	4
Joiners	"	30	5
Carters	"	18	2
Draymen	"	21	2
Dischargers	"	20	2
Bricklayers	"	33	7
<b>Iron Manufacturers—</b>			
Puddlers	"	48	0
Hammermen	"	65	0
Forge-rollers	"	50	0
Ball furnacemen or heaters	"	50	0
Wire-rollers	"	120	0
Wire-drawers	"	45	0
Galvanisers	"	40	0
Mechanics	"	34	0
Labourers	"	20	0
<b>Building—</b>			
Joiners	"	36	4
Bricklayers	"	38	7
Masons	"	32	8
Plasterers	"	36	4

A leading printer in the Metropolis gives the total wages paid by him in one week to 166 men at £327 18s. 6d., giving an average per man of £1 19s. 6d. for one week's wages.

probably 10s. a week for forty-eight weeks, or £24 a year, giving a total of £299,000,000 per annum. We have thus the total income of the labouring classes amounting to £466,000,000 in money wages, or £539,000,000, including board, lodging, and other perquisites. The number of earners thus estimated is about 12,400,000, which to 25,000,000 persons belonging to the artisan and labouring class, give one earner for every two persons, or about two earners for every family of four and a half, the average being £84 per family in money wages only, or £98 including all other allowances.

Is this a sufficient income for the wants of our working classes? Yes, if the average represented the real proportion in which the total income is divided. But it is not so, for here we see a common labourer earning when at work only twenty shillings a week, with half a dozen infants to support. There is a family whose head is incapacitated by illness from earning a farthing, and there again we find a number of families suffering from a strike or a turnout. The best earners, moreover, among our working men are not always the most frugal. Nor are the facilities for earning equal in every part of the kingdom, or in every district. The total earnings of the labouring classes may exhibit a fair average, but an average necessarily implies a higher and a lower amount. Hence, whilst the incomes in some cases are abundant, in other cases they are barely sufficient, and in many cases they are sadly insufficient to provide for the necessities of life of large families.

#### VI.—THE NATIONAL INCOME.

We must now gather the different portions of income thus described, and get if possible at the total amount. Only let us be careful lest we count any portion twice. Landowners and farmers have independent incomes. Not so those in the receipt of the interest of the debt of the United Kingdom. The great mass of income from industry is so much independent income. Not so the income of professional men. The incomes of working men from industrial occupations are independent incomes. Not so the incomes from domestic service. Altogether the personal incomes when united together may be found to amount to upwards of £1,100,000,000, even £1,200,000,000, but the national income—that is, the portion of the result of labour in the production of utilities, or the total value of all the utilities produced in the year, is probably less than £1,000,000,000 a year, and depending on the value of property from time to time.

Within the last thirty years the national income has increased considerably, and it is gratifying to find that the increase has been greater in proportion among the labouring population than among the income-tax payers. The number of income-tax payers has increased because so many men from the lower middle and artisan and labouring classes have been lifted up to higher and better condition. The total amount of income of the labouring classes has actually doubled between 1851 and 1881. What are these repeated Reform Bills or measures for the extension of the Par-



liamentary franchise but so many evidences of recognition of the improved social and economic position of the masses? The relative condition of classes in the United Kingdom is by no means immutable. Wealth is attainable by labour and economy, and happily no class is shut out from the competition. Nay, more, under the British political system there is no right, or advantage, or avenue to honour, which is not open to all alike. Let there be only perseverance and economy, talent and wisdom, self-mastery and self-restraint, honour and virtue, and the ascent from the lowest to the highest rank, though

rugged and steep, is barred to no one. What is it that the labouring classes should really aim at acquiring? Freedom from labour? A greater amount of political power? In so far as these are really desirable they are sure to be realised if they are only deserved. The true elevation of the labouring man consists in an increasing energy of his thinking power, in a greater force of moral power, a greater culture of the intellect, a greater refinement of manner and taste, and, above all, in an increasing capacity to repel what is depressing and to attract what is ennobling in the daily intercourse of life.

## EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

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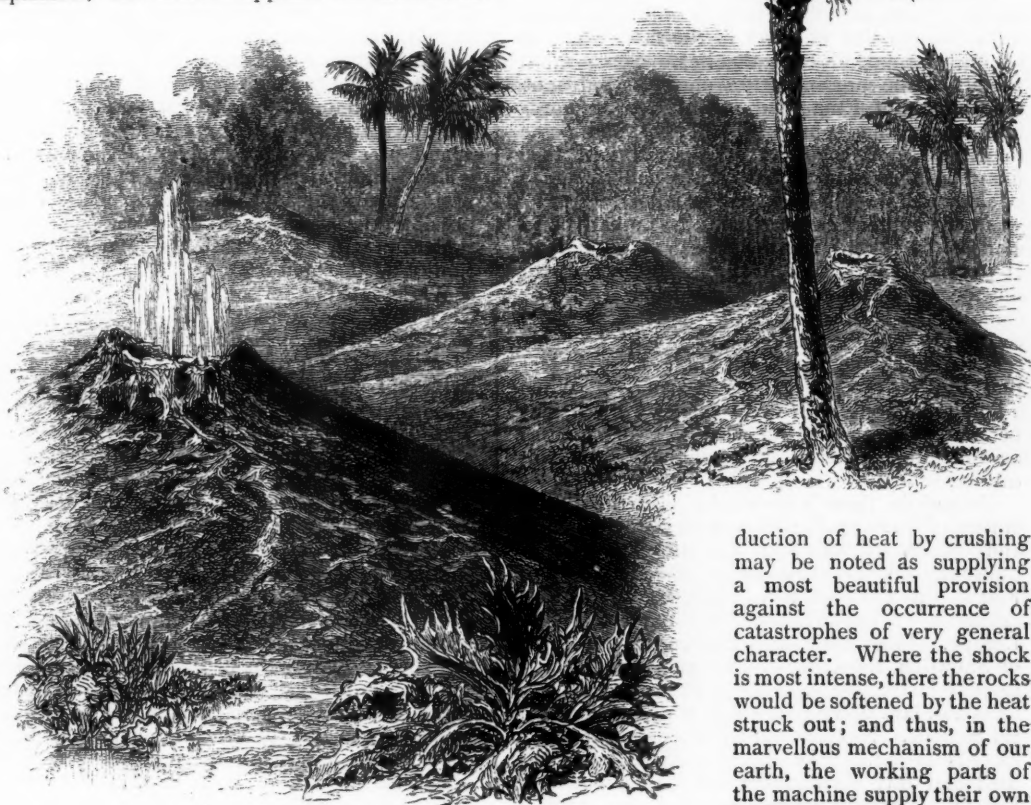
THE quantities of organic matter, or vegetable and animal remains, that are accumulated on the earth's surface, and that gradually sink into the interior during the formation of overlying rocks, cannot as yet be estimated. They possibly amount on an average to five per cent. of the deposited rocks; it is improbable that they should be less than a hundredth part. Rocks that have been again exposed at the surface have, however, been usually long submitted to the wasting action of the atmosphere before they meet the eye of the observer. Deep excavations hardly exist except in actual coal deposits, or in rocks submitted to the powerful chemical actions that take part in the production of mineral veins; and even in these last the occurrence of residual patches of carbonaceous matter is not uncommon, while explosions of combustible gas occasionally occur in metallic mines. To what extent the buried organic matter may become subsequently concentrated in particular beds of rock is also as yet unknown. Nor is it by any means certain that organic matter is not actually forming in rocks at considerable depths. Ehrenberg discovered that the volcanic ashes which have buried Pompeii are in great part composed of the remains of microscopic infusoria. Lyell affirms that this extraordinary fact "is by no means a unique or exceptional example of the intimate relation that exists between organic life and the results of volcanic action." He states that similar extensive beds of ashes on the Rhine are entirely composed of the remains of microscopic infusoria, often partially fused; and that in Mexico, Peru, and other volcanic regions similar phenomena have been detected. Beneath Berlin a mass of living infusoria forms a subsoil of vast extent. In the Pyrenees, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and in other districts, infusoria have been found to thrive and multiply in the fissures of thermal springs very nearly approaching the boiling temperature, and gelatinous, silicious masses are formed from their remains at the points of exit of the springs. In the neighbourhood of volcanoes of the Pacific coast the fissures produced during earthquakes

emit a substance called *moya*, composed of augite, carbon, and infusoria, and actually of combustible character. Such material would almost certainly be susceptible of gradual and spontaneous transformation into basaltic lava like that already mentioned as preserved in the cold climate of Ovifak.

Apart from the obscurities and possibilities of this subject which cannot be here profitably discussed, it may be positively affirmed that the presence of abundant fuel is sufficiently ascertained as a feature of volcanic action, and that such fuel very probably exists in the earth's interior in sufficient quantity to account for the main facts of volcanic eruptions. As regards the access of air sufficient to maintain combustion, it may be remarked that ignited coal mines have continued burning for centuries; that the residual constituents and products of burnt air are regularly emitted from volcanoes; and that, however hard to understand in the present stage of observation, there is good reason to suppose that sufficient air may obtain access to the subterranean fuel. The old iron-smelting works of the Pyrenees are furnished with a wooden pipe, down which a stream of water is allowed to fall, dragging with it a sufficient stream of air to form the powerful blast necessary for the smelting of the ore. On one side of the harbour of Cephalonia, at the foot of a low narrow ridge of land, where no stream could be expected, one perceives two mills whose water-wheels turn rapidly beside the tideless sea. Powerful streams of sea water there flow perpetually into fissures in the rocks, turning the mill wheels in their course. Quantities of oil, paper, and shavings have been thrown into these streams in hope of detecting some point of exit, but without success, although a body of fresh water is said to rise at some distance in the sea. The earthquakes of the neighbouring islands have been supposed to be connected with these singular phenomena. The amount of air that might be dragged down by the action of such water-blasts, which probably occur in many other places, may be capable of tremendous oxydising effects, and

future observation may doubtless enlighten us regarding the complete mechanism of volcanic furnaces.

Another source of heat has been especially treated by Mallet as the direct cause of volcanic phenomena. He has proved that the crushing of deep-seated rocks that must result from those movements of rock masses which undoubtedly take place would necessarily produce vast quantities of heat; and he argues that in this manner sufficient rock might be actually melted to account for the emissions of lava, while the access of water to these melted masses would explain the emissions of steam and other gases. Undoubtedly in this manner some volcanic phenomena may be explained; but Mallet supposes the movements



MUD VOLCANOES.

[From Humboldt's "Vues dans les Cordillères."]

of rock masses to be originally produced by the contraction of a highly-heated nucleus of the earth, and his theory ignores the chemical characteristics of volcanic action, besides being open to other objections. What has been already remarked regarding the illusory character of volcanic heat, and regarding the other causes of subsidence certainly ascertained to exist, may suffice to justify the opinion that the processes invoked by Mallet may, together with the chemical processes already described, account for all the phenomena, without any necessity for supposing the existence of a cooling nucleus as an ulterior cause of the movements concerned. But the pro-

duction of heat by crushing may be noted as supplying a most beautiful provision against the occurrence of catastrophes of very general character. Where the shock is most intense, there the rocks would be softened by the heat struck out; and thus, in the marvellous mechanism of our earth, the working parts of the machine supply their own lubricant from their own substance, that substance being perpetually renewed by me-

chanical deposition at the surface or volcanic intrusion and chemical deposition in the interior.

Volcanic dykes, mineral veins, eruptive detritus, and similar structures, are like the growths of bones and tissues in the living organism. The circulation of dissolved salts by water, washing from the rocks the salts that maintain the composition of the ocean in spite of what is taken from it by the deposition of salts in the new rocks continually forming beneath its surface; and the dissolving of salts from the superficial rocks by the water that sinks deep to produce metamorphic and crystalline schists at great depths—make up a process of external decay and internal renovation

that is very similar to the circulation of the sap of trees or of the blood in the animal organism. Soils are truly the bark or skin of our earth; granite, trap dykes, and mineral veins are its bones and nerves; mineral waters are its renovating blood; gradual oxydation of carbon and hydrogen maintains its temperature; electric currents in its metallic nerves represent nervous force; its voracious appetite swallows cities and continents with slow but resistless absorption, producing from their renovated materials the ever similar structures of its abiding frame. The Typhon of the ancient Greeks, the panting monster of Vesuvius, has much the aspect of a living thing.

It is only those who have never realised by rough experience the practical difficulties that meet the genuine observer in the field who can seriously propound rash theories. Some naval friends of the present writer once stepped upon the summit of Etna in the chill grey of morning, before the sunrise which they had come to witness. At the door of a small tent they found an aged man seated with a lantern and a book. "Hallo, old cock, you're an early riser!" was their impromptu greeting. "The early bird catches the worm," was the answer of the student. It was Sir Charles Lyell, in the last years of a long life occupied in similar observation, spending some weeks beside the crater of Etna, patiently recording the observations that would probably serve to add some dozen lines of modest conjecture to the records of his researches. When a hundred Lyells have done similar work it may be time to dogmatise on what *must* or *must not* be the ulterior causes of earthquakes and volcanoes.

Meanwhile, there is no need to visit the distant craters of Etna or Vesuvius to view the products and effects of volcanic action. The Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland, the cave of Fingal on the Scottish coast, afford as fine examples of basaltic lava as can be found in Europe. The hills round Edinburgh, the slopes of Snowdon, the cliffs of Devonshire and Wales, present instructive sections of the volcanic ejections and lava flows of a whole series of geological periods. Nor are our islands deficient in the records of earthquake shocks. About two hundred and fifty earthquakes have been noted in Britain. The last serious earthquake occurred in the middle of the last century, and general panics, both then and at other dates, were produced in London by the severity of the shocks.

Nor is the study of earthquakes and volcanoes deficient in practical interest. There is ample promise that the patient drudgery of eminent observers will be rewarded by alleviations of human suffering and provisions for human necessities, such as, when all is said and done, form the highest justification of scientific pursuits. The prediction of earthquakes is as yet in its infancy, and will require especially a detailed perfection of geological surveys, which has not as yet been attained. But the first steps in this direction have been definitely taken, and we may confidently expect a time when ample warning will be

afforded regarding the insecurity of particular sites or the imminence of unexpected catastrophes. Nor can the utilisation of volcanic heat as a source of industrial activity be regarded as a visionary anticipation. Many a tourist has roasted eggs in the cracks of the crater of Vesuvius, and the inhabitants of Chaudesaigues and other thermal stations cook their soup by the heat of the thermal springs. At Baresges and Amelie, in the Pyrenees, the houses are warmed by the springs, and before the building of the former watering-place the bears are said to have been addicted in winter to sitting round the mouths of the springs. At the Solfatara of Naples chemical manufactures are carried on by means of the volcanic heat of an old crater, serving as the only furnace. In the boracic acid works of Tuscany a vast manufacture, supporting a considerable population, is maintained by similar utilisation of volcanic heat. At Erfurt a large revenue is derived from watercress grown by the aid of thermal springs. Beside the hot springs of Ischia plants flourish that elsewhere grow only in the tropics. Valuable horticultural industries might be cheaply developed beside many volcanic emanations. It is not impossible the vast stores of volcanic heat may replace in part the increasingly dangerous extraction of deep-seated coal.

While looking to the future for such alleviations of human wants and miseries, and similarly waiting for the satisfaction of human impatience of fragmentary explanations, we are not bound to accept the elegant solutions of the *à priori* philosopher. Mud volcanoes, admittedly due to buried organic matter, may be regarded as the elementary or infant type of volcanic action. In the occasional fiery eruptions of mud volcanoes, as observed in Modena and the Caucasus, and in their occasionally considerable size, we observe a passage to the more permanently fiery volcano. In the whole Pyrenean chain there is only one little group of small extinct volcanoes, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of, and almost certainly overlies, the only known deposit of coal in the chain. Throughout Spain there appears a similar peculiarity of geological position of extinct volcanoes; and so, step by step, we may proceed by analogy to link all volcanic phenomena in one class, till at length we arrive at the general and somewhat vague conclusion that, in one form or another, the organic matter daily buried at the earth's surface is the fuel of the volcanoes of the future. The gradual oxydation, or slow burning, of this buried fuel by the penetration of air and moisture from the surface, may be regarded as the main exciting cause of chemical changes in the earth's crust, these changes producing very general expansions and contractions, and consequent changes of level. The combination of these changes with those proceeding at the surface through the shifting effects of seas, streams, wind, and rain, aided by intrusion and emission of volcanic masses from below, will in great part account for the gradually changing alternations of mountain, plain, and ocean bed. Earthquakes may be regarded as the results of sudden fractures and shiftings such as would accompany the



general movements or even the more local details of the processes of change. For all that remains to be explained we may reasonably invoke the agency of electric currents, pressure, friction, and other complex relations between the parts of the stupendous masses of the earth, such as in the present state of our knowledge we can only roughly conjecture as inevitably operative. The general process may be fairly considered as amounting to a perpetual oxydation and loosening of rocks at the surface, simultaneously with a de-oxydation and consolidation at great depths, producing the effect of expansion of the outer shell and contraction of the interior, with much crumpling of the outer rind in fitting itself to the inner core, the whole process being a general result of many particular actions, and being only realised in course of long ages by the accumulation of minute effects. In this view the changes of the earth's surface are ultimately due to the rays of the sun, which enable plants to secrete carbon and hydrogen from the atmosphere. Volcanoes, as has been said of steam-engines, are "worked by the light of other days."

The mechanism by which the sun is enabled to pour out a perpetual supply of force is as yet beyond our ken. The researches of Nasmyth and other practical observers have proved, however, in the opinion of Sir J. Herschel, that the sun's surface is covered with gigantic organisms which

are the direct sources of its light and heat. Spectroscopic observations and the examination of meteorolites have proved the existence of carbon and hydrogen throughout those portions of space where the followers of Laplace had been accustomed to assume their absence, and have strongly supported the well-grounded belief that the atmosphere extends throughout the solar system. In this atmosphere, perpetually decomposed by the sun's rays, Siemens has discovered the fuel of the sun, revealing by his ingenious experiments a new process of renovation hitherto unsuspected. To similar discoveries of unsuspected sources of force we may confidently look for a satisfactory solution of every difficulty discovered by the acumen of the mere laboratory critic. It is sufficiently significant that the latest observations tend to establish, on the one hand, the organic origin of the fires and movements of our earth, on the other the somewhat similar origin of the perpetual energy of the sun, while in the intermediate atmosphere we may recognise a bond of union that knits in organic complexity the wondrous sections of the whole. Nor can we doubt that the progress of discovery, unless abruptly changing from the present date, will fail to reveal to our successors unsuspected connections and unsuspected processes as strange and complex as those which have already been added to the meagre records of the era of Laplace.

P. W. STUART-MENTEATH, A.R.S.M.

## AN ADVENTURE IN A FRENCH OMNIBUS.

ONCE met with an adventure in a French omnibus, the remembrance of which always excites me to laughter, and the recital of it may amuse some of my readers. It was many years ago, before there were any railways from Paris to the suburbs. The morning had been fine, and I set out hoping to enjoy a day in the country. I had scarcely installed myself in the omnibus when a storm of rain came on. Torrents of water were rushing down the street; water splashing from the housetops, drenching the passers-by; water everywhere; and all this in the month of May, when it was quite unexpected.

Just as we were starting we saw hastening towards us a gentleman; I will not say he was well protected from the wet, for though wrapped up he was without an umbrella. His arms were fondly encircling an immense parcel enveloped in grey paper, both he and his parcel looking as wet as though they had just issued from a swimming bath. He ran and he shouted after the omnibus, the conductor pretending not to hear any one hailing him.

The conductor of an omnibus, in rainy weather, is always a *farceur*; it is his *quart d'heure* of amusement. Although exposed to the weather himself, he seems to enjoy the discomfort of his fares, and the sight of this stout gentleman running after the omnibus evidently amused him. He was obliged, however, to be just, and as there was one

place vacant inside, the omnibus stopped to take up the coming passenger. "There is one seat for you on the right bench," cried the conductor.

"Pardon, gentlemen; pardon, ladies," said the gentleman with the big parcel, threading his way along; "what a dreadful wet day it is!"

No one seemed disposed to make room for him, and a lady in fawn-coloured dress, who was taking more than her fair share of the seat, was especially disagreeable in her demeanour towards the intruder.

"Pray take care, sir," she said, in snappish voice, "you are spoiling my dress."

"Pardon, madame! I am very sorry; you see it is such dreadful weather; I had to run to catch the omnibus till I got quite out of breath, and the omnibus set off directly I entered."

"Have a care there," exclaimed a stout gentleman to the left, "you are soiling and wetting my coat."

"Eh, monsieur," remarked a third, "when a person is so drenched with rain as you are he should not come into a public conveyance!"

"Your remark may be sometimes right—pardon," said the placid intruder, "but it is precisely because it is such bad weather that I came into it. Had it been fine I should not have inconvenienced you, nor any one. I never get into an omnibus in fine weather."

Seeing the selfish unwillingness to make room,

and nettled by the last observation, he now vociferated, "Conductor! will you tell these ladies and gentlemen that they really are bound to make room for me?"

"*Allons!*" said the conductor, "*un peu de complaisance*, there is one seat on the right for this gentleman, you must make room."

Upon hearing this order from the conductor, from which there could be no appeal, a little space was unwillingly made on the right bench, where he installed himself, the wet all the time pouring off him.

"If monsieur, at least, would put down his large grey parcel and place it under the seat, it would be less inconvenient," said the lady with the fawn-coloured silk; "its removal would also afford him more room."

"Very true, madame; I will do so immediately. Pardon, pardon. Oh! but what wretched, horrid weather! Did one ever see such on the 8th of May?"

To an inevitable evil one can only oppose patience. The occupants of the omnibus resigned themselves to their fate, and continued to be jolted along over ruts and ridges without speaking to each other. All at once a passenger, looking at the lady's silk dress with evident wonder and astonishment, exclaimed,

"Pardon, madame, but it seems to me as though you had something on the hem of your dress which does not belong to it. Look, look! my eyes do not deceive me—it is a snail!"

"A snail!" cried the lady, horrified; "a snail upon my silk dress!"

A murmur of curiosity prevailed.

"A snail! but look, it is indeed true, and a great big one, too! See down there, on the edge of your boot, sir, is not that another?"

"It is, indeed. But where do all these snails come from?"

An old man intervened with a remark, "They come out of their shells, sir. A knowledge of natural history teaches us that hunger causes wolves to quit their forests, and that excessive rain makes snails come out of their shells."

"Yes, in the country, perhaps, but *here*—here in an omnibus!"

"Don't move, I beg; down yonder, look, there is actually another snail gliding along monsieur's umbrella! Ah, *c'est trop fort!* This is really beyond a joke!"

There was but one thought animating all breasts. It was that somebody must have brought a parcel of snails into the omnibus with him.

"There must be some one here who is carrying snails about; it can't be otherwise. Every one present must be examined. Certainly it is not I," to begin with.

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I," exclaimed each in his turn, one after the other, with excited gestures. "Nor I," was re-echoed thirteen times!

One passenger alone said nothing—the last comer, the soaked gentleman with the grey paper parcel, who during all this hubbub had not ceased to sponge himself dry with his handkerchief.

Suspicion fell upon him, and his immense packet done up in grey paper was remembered. The valence of the benches was at once raised, and the huge grey parcel was found pierced through in numerous places, out of which many snails were seen making their escape in all directions. A hundred of these horned creatures had broken their bonds, and had succeeded in regaining their liberty from underneath the wet paper bag.

"*Monsieur, c'est une infamie!*"

"*Monsieur, c'est une atrocité!* One really cannot properly designate such extraordinary conduct; there ought to be a law passed against such horrid proceedings! Look, there is another crawling up from behind monsieur's shoulder!"

"Eh! monsieur, mesdames, do not raise such a clamour against me! There is nothing to be alarmed about; they are only snails; they will not eat you; on the contrary, they themselves are very good to eat—I relish them! I am just come from the market, where I bought two hundred; surely there is no harm in that? You ought rather to help me to pick them up, and collect them together again."

Saying which our resolute and unabashed gentleman set himself to put them again into the parcel. The paper had burst in all directions from the rain which had soaked it; he was obliged to supply a temporary shelter for them by using his hat; and now he seized them wherever he could lay hold of them, pursued them under the feet of the passengers, along their walking-sticks, their umbrellas, parasols, dresses, trousers—he stretched out his hands to the right and to the left. His hat was now nearly full, but each time he returned to it he found new deserters again attempting to escape.

The ladies who at first had thought only of gathering their dresses about their feet, the men who had tucked their trousers inside their boots, could no longer keep a serious countenance. A simultaneous laugh broke forth.

The conductor looked on with amused astonishment. The driver did not know what to make of such a noise and confusion, of the cause of which he was not aware. For some moments he hesitated whether he had not better lash on his horses in the direction of the lunatic asylum at Charenton, for all his live cargo seemed going out of their senses.

The lady in the fawn-coloured silk dress, above all the others, was so excited that she could neither speak nor call out. She made a frantic sign to the conductor that she wanted to get out, and seized the cord above her head. The conductor pulled the cord attached to the driver, and in so violent a manner that he pulled up with a jerk; and the fawn-coloured lady, standing upright, her hand on the cord, was thrown, and sat plump down upon the hatful of snails!

The stout gentleman did not wait to receive the volley of abuse that he was sure would follow, but as soon as he could release his hat disappeared from the scene, leaving the half of his snails in the omnibus. We were not long in reaching our destination, the driver hastening his speed and joining in the merriment of the conductor!

## Varieties.

### Leaves from the Queen's Book.

The Queen's new volume, "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands, from 1862 to 1882" (Smith, Elder, & Co.) will, as a simple record of life, serve to endear her still more to her people. We make a few characteristic extracts:—

### BLAIR IN ATHOLE REVISITED.

We drove at once to the house which we had visited in such joyful and high spirits on Oct. 9, two years ago. The duchess took me to the same room which I had been in on that day, and, after talking a little, I followed her downstairs along the passage, full of stags' horns, which we walked along, together with the poor duke, in 1861. When I went in, I found him standing up, very much altered; it was very sad. He kissed my hand, gave me the white rose which, according to tradition, is presented by the Lords of Athole on the occasion of the Sovereign's visit, and we sat a little while with him. It is a small room, full of his rifles and other implements and attributes of sport—now for ever useless to him! A sad, sad contrast. He seemed very much pleased and gratified.

Oh, it was so dreadfully sad! To think of the contrast to the time two years ago, when my darling was so well and I so happy with him, and just beginning to recover from my great sorrow for dearest mamma's death—looking forward to many more such delightful expeditions; and the poor duke then so full of health and strength. . . . Oh, how little we know what is before us! How uncertain is life! I felt very sad, but was so much occupied with the poor duke, for whom I truly grieve, that I did not feel the trial of returning to Blair in such terribly altered circumstances as I should otherwise have done.

### A SCOTCH BAPTISM.

We stood on one side, John Thomson (his father) in his Highland dress, next to the minister, who was opposite me at the head of the table; Barbara, his wife, stood next to him, with the baby in her arms; and then the old Thomsons and their unmarried daughter, the Donald Stewarts, Grants, and Victoria, Morgan and sister, and Brown. Dr. Taylor (who wore his gown) then began with an address and prayer, giving thanks for "a living mother and a living child," after which followed another prayer; he then read a few passages from Scripture; after which came the usual questions which he addressed to the father and to which he bowed assent. Then the minister told him "present your child for baptism." After this the father took the child and held it while the minister baptized it, sprinkling it with water, but not making the sign of the cross, saying first to those present, "The child's name is Victoria." . . . I thought it most appropriate, touching, and impressive, I gave my present (a silver mug) to the father (one of the foresters), kissed the little baby, and then we all drank to its health and that of its mother, in whisky, which was handed round with cakes. It was all so nicely done, so simply, and yet with such dignity.

### NEWS OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

A telegram from Sir Garnet Wolseley to Mr. Childers, with fuller accounts, arrived. The loss, thank God! is not so heavy as we feared at first. A bonfire was to be lit by my desire on the top of Craig Gowan at nine, just where there had been one in 1856 after the fall of Sevastopol, when dearest Albert went up to it at night with Bertie and Affie. That was on Sept. 10, very nearly the same time twenty-six years ago!

Went to Louischen, who read me portions of Arthur's long letter. The description of his and the officers' sufferings and

privations, as well as those of the poor men, made me miserable. Endless telegrams! What a day of gratitude and joy, but mingled with sorrow and anxiety for the many mourners and the wounded and dying!

### DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him.

How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!

But, alas! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man! So much depended on his personal charm of manner, so warm, genial, and hearty, overflowing with kindness and the love of human nature; and so much depended on himself, on knowing and living with him, that no one who did not do so can truly portray him. And, indeed, how can any one, alas! who has not known or seen a person, ever imagine from description what he is really like?

### THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH.

To die in such an awful, horrible way! Poor, poor dear Empress! her only, only child—her all gone! And such a real misfortune! I was quite beside myself; and both of us have hardly had another thought since.

We sent for Janie Ely, who was in the house when he was born, and was so devoted to him; and he was so good! Oh! it is too, too awful! The more one thinks of it, the worse it is! I was in the greatest distress. Brown so distressed; every one quite stunned. Got to bed very late; it was dawning! and little sleep did I get.

The Diary continues:

Friday, June 20.

Had a bad, restless night, haunted by this awful event, seeing those horrid Zulus constantly before me, and thinking of the poor Empress, who did not yet know it. Was up in good time.

My accession day, forty-two years ago; but no thought of it in presence of this frightful event.

Had written many telegrams last night. One came from Lord Sydney, saying he was going down early this morning to break this dreadful news to the poor afflicted mother. How dreadful! Received distressed and horrified telegrams from some of my children. Heard by telegram also from Sir Stafford Northcote that the news arrived in the House of Commons; that much sympathy had been shown. It came to Colonel Stanley. Telegraphed to many.

Packed my boxes with Brown. Was so horrified. Always, at Balmoral in May or June, dreadful news, or news of deaths of Royal persons, come, obliging the State parties to be put off.

At twenty minutes past eleven drove to Donald Stewart's and got out to say "Good-bye," as well as to the Profeits, and stopped at the door of the shop to wish Mrs. Symon good-bye, and also at Brown's house, to take leave of the Hughs Browns. Home at twenty minutes past twelve. Writing.

Received a telegram from Lord Sydney, saying that he had informed the poor dear Empress of these dreadful news. She could not believe it for some time, and was afterwards quite overwhelmed.



How dreadful! Took luncheon with Beatrice in my darling Albert's room. Beatrice was much upset, as indeed we all were. Even those who did not know them felt the deepest sympathy, and were in a state of consternation. He was so good and so much beloved. So strange that, at last time, our departure should be saddened, as indeed it has been every year, at least for three or four years, by the occurrence of deaths of great people or of relations.

#### GLENCOE.

We went on, winding under the high green hills, and entered the village of Ballachulish, where the slate quarries are, and which is inhabited by miners. It is very clean and tidy—a long, continuous, straggling winding street, where the poor people, who all looked very clean, had decorated every house with flowers and bunches or wreaths of heather and red cloth. Emerging from the village we entered the Pass of Glencoe, which at the opening is beautifully green, with trees and cottages dotted about along the verdant valley. There is a farm belonging to a Mrs. MacDonald, a descendant of one of the unfortunate massacred MacDonalds. The Cona flows along the bottom of the valley, with green "haughs," where a few cattle are to be seen, and sheep, which graze up some of the wildest parts of this glorious glen. A sharp turn in the rough, very winding, and in some parts precipitous road, brings you to the finest, wildest, and grandest part of the pass. Stern, rugged, precipitous mountains with beautiful peaks and rocks piled high one above the other, 2,000 feet and 3,000 feet high, tower and rise up to the heavens on either side, without any signs of habitation, except where, halfway up the pass, there are some trees, and near them heaps of stones on either side of the road; remains of what once were homes, which tell the bloody, fearful tale of woe. The place itself is one which adds to the horror of the thought that such a thing could have been conceived and committed on innocent sleeping people. How and whither could they fly? Let me hope that William III knew nothing of it.

#### HIGHLAND SCENERY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

The road is excellent and not hilly, though it skirts the hills the whole time and is very winding, with much wood, so that you drive a good deal under trees, ash, oak, alder, and the mountain ash which is now laden with red berries. The bright heather, growing in tufts of the richest colour mixed with a great deal of high tall bracken which is beginning to turn, has a lovely effect. Here and there were some very poor little huts, most miserable, of stone, wretchedly thatched with moss and grass, and weeds growing on the roofs, very dirty and neglected-looking, the little fields full of weeds choking the corn, and neglected bits of garden, bushes, and brambles growing into the very window; and yet generally the people who looked most poor had a cow!

Yes! and I feel a sort of reverence in going over these scenes in this most beautiful country, which I am proud to call my own, where there was such devoted loyalty to the family of my ancestors—for Stuart blood is in my veins, and I am now their representative, and the people are as devoted and loyal to me as they were to that unhappy race.

#### A LOVELY SUNSET.

We afterwards had some tea, close by; and this fine wide glen (Invermark) was seen at its best, lit up as it was by the evening sun, warm as on a summer's day, without a breath of air, the sky becoming pinker and pinker, the hills themselves, as you looked down the glen, assuming that beautifully glowing tinge which they do of an evening. The Highlanders and ponies grouped around the well had a most picturesque effect. And yet to me all seemed strange, unnatural, and sad.

#### A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

A hazy morning. I decided by Alice's advice, with a heavy heart, to make the attempt to go to Clova. At half-past twelve drove with Alice and Lenchen to Altnaguthasach, where we lunched, having warmed some broth and boiled some potatoes, and then rode up and over the Capel Month

in frequent slight snow-showers. All the high hills white with snow; and the view of the green Clova hills covered with snow at the tops, with gleams of sunshine between the showers, was very fine, but it took us a long time, and I was very tired towards the end, and felt very sad and lonely. Loch Muich looked beautiful in the setting sun as we came down, and reminded me of many former happy days I spent there. It was quite dark when we left, but all the lamps were lit as usual; from the first, however, Smith seemed to be quite confused (and indeed has been much altered of late) and got off the road several times, once in a very dangerous place, when Alice called out and Brown got off the box to show him the way. After that, however, though going very slowly, we seemed to be all right; but Alice was not at all reassured, and thought Brown's holding up the lantern all the time on the box indicated that Smith could not see where he was going, though the road was as broad and plain as possible. Suddenly, about two miles from Altnaguthasach, and about twenty minutes after we had started, the carriage began to turn up on one side. We called out "What's the matter?" There was an awful pause, during which Alice said, "We are upsetting." In another moment—during which I had time to reflect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side, and we were all precipitated to the ground. I came down very hard, with my face upon the ground, near the carriage, the horses both on the ground, and Brown calling out in despair, "The Lord Almighty have mercy on us! Who did ever see the like of this before? I thought you were all killed." Alice was soon helped up by means of tearing all her clothes to disentangle her; but Lenchen, who had also got caught in her dress, called out very piteously, which frightened me a good deal; but she was also got out, with Brown's assistance, and neither she nor Alice was at all hurt. I reassured them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune.

#### FILIAL LOVE.

Beloved mamma's birthday! That dear, dear mother! so loving and tender, so full of kindness! How often I long for that love! She frequently spent this day at Aberfeldie, but we were not here then.

#### PRESS REPORTERS.

We sat down on the grass (we three) on our plaids, and had our luncheon, served by Brown and Francie, and then I sketched. The day was most beautiful and calm. Here, however—here, in this complete solitude, we were spied upon by impudently inquisitive reporters, who followed us everywhere; but one in particular (who writes for some of the Scotch papers) lay down and watched with a telescope and dodged me and Beatrice and Jane Churchill, who were walking about, and was most impertinent when Brown went to tell him to move, which Jane herself had thought of doing. However, he did go away at last, and Brown came back, saying he thought there would have been a fight; for when Brown said quite civilly that the Queen wished him to move away, he said he had quite as good a right to remain there as the Queen. To this Brown answered very strongly, upon which the impertinent individual asked, "Did he know who he was?" and Brown answered he did, and that "the highest gentleman in England would not dare to do what he did, much less a reporter"—and he must move on, or he would give him something more. And the man said, "Would he dare say that before those other men (all reporters) who were coming up?" And Brown answered "Yes," he would before "anybody who did not behave as he ought." More strong words were used; but the others came up and advised the man to come away quietly, which he finally did. Such conduct ought to be known. We were there nearly an hour, and then began walking down a portion of the steep part.

#### A HOUSE-WARMING AND SERVANTS' BALL.

After waiting for awhile in my sitting-room Brown came to say that all the servants were ready for the house-warming, and at twenty minutes to ten we went into the little dining-room, which had been cleared, and where all the servants

were assembled. . . . We made nineteen altogether. Five animated reels were danced, in which all but myself joined. After the first reel whisky toddy was brought round for every one, and Brown begged I would drink to the "fire kindling." Then Grant made a little speech, with an allusion to the wild place we were in, and concluding in a wish "that our Royal Mistress, our good Queen, should live long." This was followed by cheers given out by Ross in regular Highland style, and all drank my health. The merry, pretty little ball ended at a quarter past eleven. The men, however, went on singing in the steward's room for some time, and all were very happy.

#### AT HOLYROOD PALACE.

A thorough wet day. At half-past eleven I walked out with Flora Macdonald (whose name attracted great attention in Edinburgh), right across the court to the stables, which are very good, and saw all belonging to them—harness-room, coach-house, etc. Then I looked into the guard-room next door, where the guard, who were called out and drawn up, thinking I was coming by, did not know us. I went in behind them, and I found a sergeant (I think) of the 93rd in full dress, with four medals, and I asked him his years' service, which were twenty, and where he came from—Perthshire. Two other men, who were cooking and had their coats off, were in the room where they also slept. The newspapers have reported an absurd conversation of mine with them, but none took place. We then walked back through the house into the garden, and finally came home through the chapel at half-past twelve.

It was raining hard, but nevertheless we started (for the volunteer review) at half-past four in the open landau, Beatrice and the two ladies with me, the two equerries riding.

#### SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

Sad thoughts filled my heart both before dinner and when I was alone and retired to rest. I thought of the happy past, and my darling husband, whom I fancied I must see, and who always wished to build here, in this favourite wild spot, quite in amidst the hills. At Altnaguthasach I could not have lived again, now, alone. It is far better to have built a totally new house; but then the sad thought struck me that it was the first widow's house, not built by him, or hallowed by his memory. But I am sure his blessing does rest on it, and those who live in it.

#### LOST LUGGAGE.

Though our maids had arrived at Glen Fiddick, not a bit of luggage. We waited and waited till dinner, but nothing came. So we ladies (for Sir Thomas Biddulph had wisely brought some things with him) had to go to dinner in our riding skirts, and just as we were. I, having no cap, had to put on a black lace veil of Emilie's, which she arranged as a coiffure. . . . I sat up writing and waiting for this luggage. A man was sent out on a pony with a lantern in search of it, and I remained writing till a quarter past twelve, when, feeling very tired, I lay down on the sofa, and Brown (who was indefatigable) went out himself to look for it. At one, he came back, saying nothing was to be seen or heard of this luckless luggage, and urged my going to bed. My maids had unfortunately not thought of bringing anything with them, and I disliked the idea of going to bed without any of the necessary toilette. However, some arrangements were made which were very uncomfortable; and after two I got into bed, but had very little sleep at first; finally fatigue got the better of discomfort, and after three I fell asleep.

#### DEATH OF JOHN BROWN.

A few words I must add in conclusion to this volume.

The faithful attendant who is so often mentioned throughout these Leaves, is no longer with her whom he served so truly, devotedly, untiringly.

In the fulness of health and strength he was snatched away from his career of usefulness, after an illness of only three days, on the 27th of March of this year (1883), respected and beloved by all who recognised his rare worth and kindness of heart, and truly regretted by all who knew him.

His loss to me (ill and helpless as I was at the time from an accident) is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by his constant care, attention, and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth.

[The volume is dedicated: "TO MY LOYAL HIGHLANDERS, and especially to the memory of my devoted personal Attendant and Faithful Friend, JOHN BROWN, these records of My Widowed Life in Scotland are gratefully dedicated, VICTORIA, R.I."]

**Retirement of Professor Owen, C.B., LL.D., F.R.S.**—The New Year opened with the announcement that, after twenty-eight years' service as superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, Professor Owen had requested permission to retire from official life. His resignation fitly marks the close of the most important epoch in the history of the national natural history collections. For during his long tenure of office he has enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the Natural History Departments of the British Museum finally separated from the overshadowing influences and association of the national library and collections of antiquities at the old British Museum. He has been able to witness the safe transfer of all the collections of natural history from Bloomsbury and their complete rearrangement in the magnificent building at South Kensington, which his unwearied efforts and influence were largely instrumental in securing for the safe bestowal and adequate exhibition of the rich treasures of which he has so long been in charge. Professor Owen's vacation of office has been graciously marked by further recognition at the hands of his Sovereign of the value of his public services and lifelong scientific labours. Her Majesty the Queen has conferred on him the distinction of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Civil Division, of which he was created a Civil Companion in 1872—honours never more worthily bestowed than on a scientific veteran universally recognised as England's great comparative anatomist. The general public, as well as his scientific colleagues and *confrères* and private friends, alike welcome this graceful acknowledgment of such protracted public services, and cordially wish Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., many years' enjoyment of these merited honours in well-earned repose. On January 22nd, Professor Owen was present at a complimentary dinner given in his honour by his colleagues in both branches of the British Museum on the occasion of his retirement from the office of Superintendent of the Natural History Department. Dr. Bond, Principal Librarian, presided, and Professor C. T. Newton, C.B., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, Professor Story-Maskelyne, M.P., recently Keeper of the Mineralogical Department, with Dr. A. Gunther, F.R.S., Dr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S., and Mr. Carruthers, F.R.S., Keepers of the respective Natural History Departments, were present, together with about seventy officials connected with the Museum in art, archaeology, literature, and science. Professor Sir Richard Owen was deeply affected at the marks of esteem, respect, and general appreciation of his life labours as thus evinced by the colleagues with whom he had been harmoniously associated for upwards of a quarter of a century of official life.—A. C.

**Mr. Peel's Election.**—In the official records of Parliament such events as the election of a Speaker are still described in the precise and somewhat quaint language of former times. As an illustration, it may prove interesting to quote from the journal the following entry in reference to the election of Speaker: "Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1884.—The Serjeant came, and brought the mace, and laid it under the table. Then the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, addressing himself to the Clerk (who, standing up, pointed to him, and then sat down) acquainted the House that her Majesty having been informed of the resignation of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Bouverie William Brand, G.C.B., late Speaker of this House, gives leave to the House to proceed forthwith to the choice of a new Speaker. Then Mr. Whitbread stood up, and, addressing himself in like manner to the Clerk, proposed to the House for their Speaker Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel, and moved 'That Arthur Wellesley Peel, Esq., do take the Chair of this House, as Speaker,' in which motion he was seconded by Mr. Rathbone: Whereupon Mr. Arthur

Wellesley Peel, being unanimously called to the Chair, submitted himself to the House, and he was again called to the Chair, where, standing on the upper step, he expressed the sense he had of the great honour the House had been pleased to confer upon him, and thereupon he sat down in the Chair; and the mace was laid upon the table. Then Mr. Gladstone, having congratulated Mr. Speaker Elect, signified the pleasure of her Majesty that the House should present their Speaker to-morrow, at two of the clock, in the House of Peers, for her Majesty's Royal approbation. Sir Stafford Northcote also congratulated Mr. Speaker Elect. Mr. Gladstone then moved, 'That the House do now adjourn until to-morrow at two of the clock.' Mr. Speaker Elect put the question, which, being agreed to, the House was adjourned accordingly, and Mr. Speaker Elect went away without the mace before him."

[After her Majesty's approbation had been given, by Commission in the House of Lords (the mace carried in the Serjeant's arms), Mr. Speaker returned to the House of Commons, the mace now borne on the shoulder of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and laid on the table, and the Speaker took the Chair.]

**Mr. Speaker Brand and the present Parliament.**—Parliament on the 29th of April, 1880. Mr. Gladstone had once more become Prime Minister, and for the third time Mr. Brand was elected Speaker without opposition. The session began with the difficulty connected with Mr. Bradlaugh's refusal to take the Parliamentary oath, and it is principally memorable for the inauguration of those new rules of debate which have materially stemmed the tide of Irish obstruction. Sir Henry Brand's connection with this great change in Parliamentary procedure effected by the New Rules forms the most important episode in the history of his Speakership. The proceedings which led to this change are of the highest interest. It was during the debate on the introduction of Mr. Forster's Irish Coercion Bill that the campaign commenced, and a sitting of twenty-two hours resulted. A few days later the storm of obstruction raged even stronger than ever. The sitting which commenced on the 31st of January, continued for upwards of forty-one hours, and an indescribable scene ensued. But Sir Henry Brand was equal to the occasion, and his famous *coup d'état*, in summarily closing the debate on the morning of the 2nd of February, 1881, must always stand out as a bold and important incident in connection with his occupancy of the Speaker's Chair. The expulsion of over thirty Irish members, the ultimate establishment of the closure in its most arbitrary form, and the defeat of the obstructives constitute noteworthy phases of the Parliamentary history of the present century. The effect of Mr. Brand's firmness was marvellous. The obstructives were completely baffled, the authority of the Chair was successfully maintained, and the House was saved from what promised to result in uncontrollable disorder. The establishment of the closure brought a great crisis to an end. By many it was thought to be a dangerous experiment; but as yet no harm has ensued. The Speaker has now substantial means at his disposal for maintaining order, and it is with the name of Sir Henry Brand that an unprecedented, yet beneficial, reform in the regulations of the House of Commons will always be associated. At the end of the session of 1881, in recognition of his general business ability, and of his services to Parliament and to the nation, Mr. Brand was created a G.C.B. He has since his retirement been created Viscount Hampton, of Glynde.

**An Old Old Story.**—General Gordon, in a letter to his sister from Khartoum, Nov. 15, 1878, thus explained the reason for his zealous help of the outcast and the poor:—"I will tell you a story of 1,848 years ago. There was a workman of Bethlehem who did not agree with the great teachers of an old religion, who answered them roughly, and who did not conform to their views, or pay them the attention to which they were accustomed. He was always in the slums with very dubious characters. This annoyed the Church class. 'Why do you frequent those slums?' He said, 'These slums need me to go to them, for they are sick at heart, and I bear them good news. I tell them they are worth something, in spite of their ill-deeds. I tell them their God is a merciful God, and that He has worked out their salvation not for their merits.' Now, these slum people liked their visitor. He had kind words for them. He did

not look on them as pariahs. He rather encouraged these people, and He never said words of despair against their evil ways; but He pointed out that happiness resulted from a holy life. His strong rebukes were against the white-robed, clean, respectable people, who thought they were everything that was good because they had prayer meetings and sacrifices, and washed their hands before eating. Well, you know this story. The good people could not bear the home-thrusts they received, and so they murdered Him. They were too good to do it directly, but they worked up others to do it. The slum people liked this man; He was never hard on them. Some very dubious characters were well received by Him; but He was not polite to those who thought themselves good. He found fault with the invitations they gave to dinner, though He was their guest. He would have tried to cheer low people's life, and have aided them to see that, though the clerical party would not notice them, they were still God's children."

**Oxford in 1884.**—The last calendar shows a total of 3,086 undergraduates as against 3,013 in the previous year. With regard to individual Colleges, the unattached body heads the list with 269 members, but are hard run by Balliol with 265. Christ Church, whose population is more stationary, comes next with 242, then New College with a round 200, then Keble with 178, then Exeter, which perhaps on the whole has been the steadiest of the large Colleges, with 164. Merton with 134 men still shows the traces of a policy of annexation, and Magdalen, which has now 130, seems to be steadily increasing. Altogether there are fourteen Colleges which run into three figures. The Unattached body, though still large, is smaller by some forty than last year.—*The Oxford Magazine*.

**The Bishop of Sydney's Library.**—The loss of Dr. Barry's library by the foundering of the Simla on the outward voyage recalls the loss of the equally valued library of Dr. Duff, the great Indian missionary, by shipwreck. The only book recovered was his pocket Bible, and this was regarded by Dr. Duff as a providential reminder that not human wisdom and learning, but the preaching of the gospel, was to be the great weapon of his holy warfare. Dr. Duff did not, however, undervalue secular learning, as his career as the great educationist of India showed. It was a generous idea in the Dean of Westminster to appeal for a fund to replace the Bishop of Sydney's library, but the loss of his own loved books and notes of study no wealth could restore.

**Mr. Barnum's White Elephant.**—As the Zoological Society's funds have now reaped due profit from this nine days' wonder, there is less reserve in referring to the absurdity of attaching any religious idea to the piebald elephant belonging to the clever American showman. A white elephant is rarely if ever seen. As Mr. Rhys Davids says, "As a great rarity, it is considered in Burmah and Siam as a peculiar appanage of royalty, and is honoured with peculiar privileges. Were the royal cream-coloured horses more rare and more dignified, they might have attained to a similar position among us." Colonel Brine, R.E., says: "The Buddhists no more worship elephants than the Londoners do the cream-coloured horses when the Queen is opening Parliament." He adds that there is at present at Mandalay an "ash-coloured Celestial elephant, with whitish-grey eyes." The Order of the White Elephant has no more to do with worshipping an elephant than the Order of the Garter with worshipping a garter!

**General Gordon's arrival at Khartoum.**—The telegram from Khartoum on the arrival of "Chinese Gordon," brief and prosaic as it is, appears almost like a page of the "Arabian Nights." General Gordon's proclamation preceded him, and immediately on his arrival he summoned the officials, thus preparing the people for some salutary changes. He next held a levée at the Mudirieh, the entire population, even the poorest Arab, being admitted. On his way between the Mudirieh and the Palace about 1,000 persons pressed forward kissing his hands and feet, and calling him "Sultan," "Father," and "Saviour of Kordofan." General Gordon and Colonel Stewart at once opened offices in the Palace, giving to every one with a grievance admittance and

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a careful hearing. The Government books, recording from time immemorial the outstanding debts of the overtaxed people, were publicly burnt in front of the Palace. The kourbashas, whips, and implements for administering the bastinado from Government-house were all placed on the blazing pile. The evidence of debts and the emblems of oppression perished together. In the afternoon General Gordon created a Council of the local notables, all Arabs. Then he visited the hospital and arsenal. With Colonel Stewart, Coetlogon Pasha, and the English Consul he visited the prison, and found it to be a dreadful den of misery. Two hundred wretches loaded with chains lay there. They were of all ages, boys and old men, some having never been tried, some having been proved innocent, but forgotten for over six months, some arrested on suspicion and detained there more than three years, many merely prisoners of war, and one, a woman, who had spent fifteen years in the prison for a crime committed when she was a girl. General Gordon at once commenced to demolish this bastille. All the prisoners will be briefly examined, and if it be advisable set at liberty. Before it was dark scores of wretches had had their chains struck off, and to-day Colonel Stewart is continuing this work. Last night the town was in a blaze of illumination, the bazaar being hung with cloth and coloured lamps and the private houses beautifully decorated. There was even a fine display of fireworks by the negro population, who indulged in great rejoicings till midnight. The people are devoted to General Gordon, whose design is to save the garrison and for ever leave the Soudan—as perforce it must be left—to the Soudanese.

**The German Emperor and Luther.**—At the Lutherfest of Wittenberg, the Emperor not being able to be present, the following letter was read by his son the Crown Prince of Prussia:—"I feel as an Evangelical Christian, and as the chief custodian of the government of the Church, a lively interest in every celebration of the kind by which the Evangelical Creed may find renewed vigorous expression. I also highly appreciate the rich blessings for our dear Evangelical Church which may come forth from the fact that her members everywhere have been reminded of the rich inheritance and the illustrious benefits which God the Lord has through the Reformation conferred upon us. At Wittenberg especially, the chief theatre of Luther's mighty and divinely blessed labours, I would not be unrepresented at such a Fest, and this all the more as it extends beyond the measure of a merely local celebration. I therefore hereby impose upon your Imperial and Royal Highness, my beloved, the duty of representing me at the festal service referred to. I beseech God the Lord that the Lutherfest may contribute to the awakening and deepening of Evangelical piety, the furtherance of good morals, and the confirmation of peace in our church."

**The First Bishop of Southwell.**—Dr. Ridding was a very distinguished Oxford man before he was head master of Winchester. Perhaps not even all old Wykehamists are aware of this, or of the length and extent of his services to the University. A Balliol man originally, he obtained a Craven Scholarship, a First in Classics and Second in Mathematics, in the old days of double honours. He then became Fellow of Exeter, and was afterwards a very successful tutor of that college, won the Latin Essay, and served the offices of Classical Moderator and Proctor, and all before many of the best known of his recent Winchester pupils were born. His last connection with Oxford was as Select Preacher in 1863.

**Sea Fisheries as an Investment and Source of Income.**—The system of partnership in boats, and sharing the products of the fishing, is to a great extent the arrangement among fishermen. But the principle might well be largely extended; and without the risk of mere fish dealers and salesmen getting an undue share of the spoil. Why should not the capital be partly supplied by those who seek the welfare of the fishermen or who would even join in their industry? Englishmen love the country, and they love the sea. They love the country, not merely for country life and country sports, but also as a source of income. Why should not men of good family—and great is the number of men who enjoy

yachting—why should they not more frequently engage in fishing as a commercial pursuit? There is no discredit or loss of dignity in trading with the fruits of the soil, or in selling cattle or pigs or game, as well as corn and grain in the market. Why should not the harvest and produce of the sea be made also a source of income? It is so in salmon fisheries, and might also be done with sea fisheries. Yachting men might thus get profit as well as pleasure from their love of the sea, and combine business with amusement. Some of their capital might be at least invested in farming by sea as well as by land, and in these days with better chance of good return, and with the certainty of helping a great national industry.—"*Sea Pictures*," by Dr. Macaulay.

**Californian Fruit.**—All sorts of fruit, from the hardy northern apple to the tropical orange and fig, grow in California. The season begins about March, when strawberries make their appearance, then come cherries and apricots, currants and gooseberries. In June, apples, raspberries, blackberries, and pears appear; in July, peaches, nectarines, plums, and figs; in August, grapes, watermelons, cantaloupes; in September, quinces and pomegranates; in the late fall and early winter, oranges, lemons, and limes from the southern part of the State. Nowhere in the Union, excepting Florida, does fruit attain such an enormous size. Strawberries of the Monarch and other varieties are often as large as butternuts, and in the fall of the season the daily receipts at San Francisco frequently exceed 1,000 chests, each chest containing twenty drawers of 10 lb. of berries each, or 200,000 lb. of strawberries per day. The strawberry districts are around the Bay of San Francisco, though in the Sacramento valley and Salinas valley are large fields, the latter being of recent date. The strawberry season lasts nine months, from March till December.

**English Dukes.**—Of the twenty-one English dukes, excluding members of the Royal Family, it may be mentioned *à propos* of the loss which has overtaken the house of Grosvenor, that nine have no direct heir. In five instances a brother of the present duke holds the position of heir-presumptive—namely, Lord John Manners, M.P. for North Leicestershire, to the dukedom of Rutland; Lord Archibald Seymour to that of Somerset; Lord Henry Pelham Clinton to that of Newcastle; Lord Charles Hamilton to that of Brandon; and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck to that of Portland. A nephew, Lieut.-Colonel H. Wellesley, late M.P. for Andover, is successor-designate to the Duke of Wellington; and a nephew of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the junior M.P. for Mid-Somerset, Mr. W. S. Gore-Langton, is heir-presumptive only so far as regards the Earldom of Temple. The first Duke of Westminster will now, to all human appearance, be succeeded as second duke by his youthful grandson, Lord Belgrave; and the octogenarian Duke of Cleveland has no heir to that title, though he has one to that of Baron Barnard. The remaining twelve dukes who have, happily, a prospect of handing down the family title to their sons are their Graces of Beaufort, Bedford, Devonshire, Grafton, Leeds, Manchester, Marlborough, Norfolk, Northumberland, Richmond, St. Albans, and Sutherland. It is somewhat remarkable that eleven of these dukedoms are of ancient creation, and that of the four created in the current century two have no direct heir, and two are likely to become extinct.

**Peabody Buildings.**—The nineteenth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund, states:—"The net gain of the year, from rents and interest, has been £25,252 16s. 2d. The sum given and bequeathed by Mr. Peabody was, in 1862, £150,000; in 1866, £100,000; in 1868, £100,000; and in 1873, £150,000; making a total of £500,000; to which has been added money received for rent and interest, £329,863 15s. 8d.; making the total fund on December 31st last £829,863 15s. 8d. In addition to this the capital account has been increased by £390,000 borrowed from the Public Works Loan Commissioners and others, of which sum there remains unpaid £361,333 6s. 8d., thus bringing up the total capital to £1,191,197 2s. 4d. Since issuing the last report the trustees have expended on land and buildings £119,382 18s. 5d., making the total expenditure to the end of the year £1,089,883 12s. 6d. Up to the end of the year

the trustees had provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 9,693 rooms, exclusive of bath-rooms, laundries, and washhouses. These rooms comprise 4,359 separate dwellings—say, 73 of four rooms, 1,521 of three rooms, 2,073 of two rooms, and 692 of one room—occupied by 18,009 persons. The average weekly earnings of the head of each family in residence at the close of the year was £1 3s. 8d. The average rent of each dwelling was 4s. 8½d. per week, and of each room 2s. 1½d. The rent in all cases includes the free use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bath-rooms.

**Abraham Hayward.**—He was the last of the great "diners-out," the chief of contemporary "raconteurs," the most famous of practitioners under that curious compact between host and guest which has existed in all ages, but which only our own age has learnt to reconcile with the claims of mutual respect. Night after night Mr. Hayward was to be met at the dinner-tables of others, equally pleased to entertain and be entertained, and repaying at least as much to his company in intellectual enjoyment as he received himself in the pleasures of the board. It was not, perhaps, the ideal life of a philosopher, but it was, in its way, as profitable to the world as that of many who pretend to philosophy, and very much more so than that of some. Doubtless it is a greater thing to instruct mankind than to amuse them, but it is better to succeed in amusing than to fail in instructing them, and it would be foolish to pass severe judgment upon those who have preferred enlivening the minds of their fellow-creatures to bewildering their own. At any rate, it is something to have diverted society for half a century in a fairly innocent fashion.

**Bricks and Mortar.**—The post comes in to me laden very heavily every day with applications to aid one thing or another; and I do not hesitate to say that for one letter that asks for additional assistance for a living agent, one hundred solicit help to build or repair an old church or beautify something. Bricks and mortar are very well in their place, but they cannot do without the living agent, though he can do without them. If you produce a lasting effect upon a number of the people whom you address, they will out of their own means provide a place of worship suitable to their requirements.—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

**Jerry Builders.**—Mr. Charles Mackay writes to a contemporary:—"Jerry" builders have been supposed to be a product of modern civilisation, but recent disclosures with regard to the defective and fraudulent construction of the towers of Peterborough Cathedral have proved that the malpractices of the 'Jerry' men were not unknown in the middle ages. The etymology of 'Jerry' has given occasion to a considerable amount of controversy, though no more satisfactory explanation has been hazarded than that the word was derived from a certain 'Jeremiah' once well known in the building trade for the defective and dishonest construction of the houses which he erected. As most of the slang English words in common currency are of Celtic or ancient British origin—as has been made abundantly manifest by the recent researches of Celtic scholars—philologists ought not to rest contented with the derivation from 'Jeremiah' until search has been made for the missing root of the word in the language of the people of England during the pre-Saxon and pre-Danish ages. In that ancient speech is to be found 'deire,' pronounced 'jeire,' which signifies loss, detriment, injury, fraud. This, in all probability, is the true origin of the modern slang word 'Jerry.'"

**Unearned Increment.**—What I believe Mr. Mill thought and taught was this: that the increase in property—which comes in some cases without any effort on the part of the owner, and which is due to the industry of others—is an increase so different from what we ordinarily understand by the produce of exertion, of trade, and of commerce, that greater obligations may be fairly imposed upon it. Now let us take an illustration. Suppose that a man has inherited from his ancestors a piece of land which, a hundred years ago, they bought at a price which would be represented by an income of £100 per annum. But suppose, in the course of the interval, that manufacturers have settled upon the land, and that by their enterprise, and by the industry of the popu-

lation they have gathered together, great commerce has risen, factories have been built, houses have been crowded there, and the land, which was originally worth £100 per annum, has become worth £100,000 per annum. And suppose that during all this time the owners of the land have done nothing—they perhaps have not seen the land, they have only taken the annual rent of their property—and then if you go on to suppose that in the course of time this great aggregation of human beings brought with it great misery and great suffering, and that they have been herded together until the conditions of common decency and common morality have become impossible; until the word "happiness" has become a bye-word; until no enjoyment of life has been possible—then I say I do not think it would be a hard or unjust thing to demand that the present owner of this vast property should contribute to alter these conditions, and to restore something like comfort and happiness to the population from whom he derives his income, and I think it would be much better that it should come from him who has filled his pockets out of the industry of the people rather than from the people who are hardly able to fill their scrip.—*Sir Charles Dilke.*

**What do you mean by "Gentry"?**—An American paper gives the following anecdote: "At a little dinner party one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. 'I do not altogether like the country,' said the young gentleman, 'for one reason—because you have no gentry there.' 'What do you mean by "gentry"?' asked another of the company. 'Well, you know,' replied the Englishman—'well—oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any.' 'Ah!' exclaimed his interlocutor, 'then we have plenty of gentry in America. But we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps!' A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel."

**General Gordon.**—Canon Wilberforce, preaching in Canterbury Cathedral soon after General Gordon's leaving England, said that just before General Gordon started, as he believed, for the Congo, he sent to a religious gathering over which the canon was presiding, asking for the prayers of those assembled. He said in his letter, "I would rather have the prayers of that little company gathered in your house to-day than I would have the wealth of the Soudan placed at my disposal. Pray for me that I may have humility and the guidance of God, and that all spirit of murmuring may be rebuked in me." When he reached London on his return from Brussels, and his destination was changed, the general sent the canon another message: "Offer thanks at your next prayer meeting. When I was upborne on the hearts of those Christians I received from God the spiritual blessing that I wanted, and I am now calmly resting in the current of His will."

**Good Old Times in the Army.**—It is related by Collins, 1756, that William Wentworth, of Henbury, Dorsetshire, "had a cornet's commission in the dragoons when he was but two years old." The abuses which had crept into the regular army by this time are thus described by Sir Walter Scott in an article in the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal" of January 10th, 1827: "No science was required on the part of a candidate for a commission in the army, no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatever, the promotion went on equally unimpeded; the boy let loose from school last week might in the course of a month be a field officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle, and when he came from college the fortunate youth was at least lieutenant of some standing by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon young ladies when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of a captain in the — Dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty."—*Autobiography of Mrs. Delany.*

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME FOR APRIL

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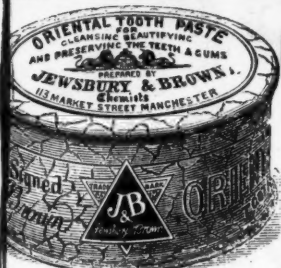
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